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Short Story Prize Contest

Monthly Competition

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. XVI, No. 193

FEBRUARY, 1937

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By EUGENE FORSEY

The Folly of Canadian  
Re-Armament

More Socialists on the  
Monarchy

## Art and the Pre-Cambrian Shield

By ELIZABETH WYN WOOD

## The Popular Front

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*Beginning a New Series on Contemporary Canadian Artists*

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28 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Canada  
Subscriptions: One Year, \$2; Six Months, \$1

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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol XVI.

Toronto, Ontario, February, 1937

No. 193

## Parliament Opens

**M**R. KING can meet parliament this year with a fair degree of complacency. Trade is distinctly better; and his government, which probably contains the ablest group of administrators who have made up any cabinet since Laurier's great administration of 1896, can point to a mass of useful departmental achievement. Naturally, therefore, the Speech from the Throne is full of progress and the British monarchy and prosperity, though we note that Almighty God and Divine Providence do not seem to play so prominent a part as in the days of Mr. Bennett (who, poor fellow, had nothing much else to point to in his Speeches from the Throne). But the two most pressing immediate problems which face the country are barely mentioned in Mr. King's program. The first of these is the burden of debt which oppresses the western provinces. The second, discussed in our leading article, is of course, that of foreign policy and defence. On this Mr. King says less than nothing. At the end of the session he is going over to attend an Imperial Conference which will be held in the midst of the emotional propaganda which accompanies the coronation. Every effort will be made to get him to accept, explicitly or implicitly, the principle of defence of the Commonwealth as a unit. If he wants to keep Canada out of these skilfully constructed entanglements he must do much more to educate and give a lead to Canadian public opinion than he has done hitherto. And the place to begin is in parliament this session.

## Western Debts

**T**HESE columns in our October issue ventured to endorse the enforced draft reductions carried out by the Alberta government. This policy which was denounced at the time as Bolshevism has now begun to have salutary effects. Manitoba and Saskatchewan, having failed at the recent Dominion-provincial conference to get the dominion government to intervene with any comprehensive refunding scheme, are threatening to follow the Alberta

example. Calgary and Edmonton have already obtained lower interest rates from their creditors, and the mayors of Regina and Vancouver announce they intend to enforce a similar deal for their own cities. In face of the inevitable, some eastern financial interests are executing a rapid volte face. Sir John Aird has announced the discovery that the west is broke and eastern Canada had better face the fact. The Financial Post as far back as November 14 declared that by a refunding arrangement, though "bondholders would lose in income", yet "the menace of further interest rate reductions of the Alberta type would be removed". Which suggests that when the failure of Social Credit finally buries Mr. Aberhart's political career, it would be only decent of the western provinces and municipalities to place a few wreaths on the grave of this hardy pioneer in high finance, who showed them how to deal with eastern creditors.

## C.B.C.

**A** GOOD MANY Canadians are getting the impression that these letters stand for Catholic Broadcasting Corporation. No doubt some regulations must be made in a country such as Canada to check provocative attacks by one religion upon another. But when a rule of this kind is stretched to prevent a man from discussing birth-control, whether the rule is applied by the Commission or by some local station, we are getting close to an intolerable restriction upon freedom of speech. The restriction becomes the more irksome when it is observed that there seem to be no restrictions whatever upon the attacks which Catholic spokesmen can make upon Communism. If the C.B.C. wishes to build up a body of public support behind it, it must demonstrate that its main activity is not the negative one of regulating and restricting but the positive one of providing new and attractive programs. We suggest that the best way just now for it to show its belief in freedom of speech would be to develop a series of broadcasts in which the different sections of Canada interpret themselves to



their fellow-citizens in other sections. At present sectional strains and stresses are destroying the unity of the Dominion. Wouldn't it be worth while if the rest of Canada heard Mr. Aberhart explaining what he is really trying to do in Alberta, if Abbé Groulx or one of his disciples expounded to us the aims of French-Canadian nationalism, if the East were given the opportunity to listen to some plain talking from the West about the debt situation on the prairies, or if the Maritimes poured forth their grievances to the people of Canada instead of to a Royal Commission?

## The Relief Racket

**T**HE Federal Minister of Labour announced on December 31 that "with the clear indication of an expanding business recovery during the coming year, there is reason to anticipate that the Federal government, Provincial governments and municipalities will be able to reduce relief expenditures", and therefore present relief grants to the provinces would be cut down after March. Three days earlier the publication of the Canadian Welfare Council's year-end report showed an increase of those on relief in Canada of about 7 per cent over a year ago, which might run to 12 per cent if those now temporarily employed in special schemes were included. It also showed that "with the business index showing an improvement of more than 50 per cent since 1933, employment is up about 30 per cent." The discrepancy speaks louder than the words of the Minister of Labour. Premier Dysart, again, has announced that his province of New Brunswick is the first to "go off relief". This apparently is sheer humbug. The provincial press has broken into open denunciation of the statement: the Premier has countered by denouncing the press for keeping the relief problem before the people. The Provincial government's simple method of removing the problem was to abolish all relief grants to municipalities in the early Fall, with the result that St. John and Moncton now announce they are broke. Even the Financial Post (Jan. 16) reports that "St. John has as many unemployed as at the depth of the depression". It is difficult to find words strong enough to denounce this callous contempt of human misery on the part of provincial politicians.

## The Farm Placement Scheme

**I**N the relief camps which the former government organized for unemployed single men the occupants received board, lodging and six dollars a month. The present administration is proud of

having abolished the camps, but what substitute is offered? The men (except in Ontario and Nova Scotia, which are not partners in the new scheme) are now placed on farms where they obtain board and lodging and five dollars a month plus two dollars and fifty cents if they stay on the farm till March 31. It is not an impressive change even though we are told that "it is felt that the men are provided with healthful home surroundings". The total thus placed in the West is reported by A. B. Purvis, chairman of the National Employment Commission, to be over 40,000. Ottawa adds, somewhat incautiously, that "no complaints have been received either from farmers or from the men assigned to them". Of course not; the farmers get free labour; the unemployed are too scattered to complain effectively, which from the government's standpoint is a great advantage. But what a dreary future is offered to the recipients of such charity, denied the chance to save or to marry. We occasionally hear complaints that departmental policies deserve less destructive criticism. When we compare the policies even of the United States or Great Britain in dealing with the relief problem it seems impossible to condemn the corresponding policies of our Dominion and provinces in strong enough terms.

## "Come to Canada"

**W**ITH still over a million men, women and children receiving relief, and 200,000 of them in the drought area, the Dominion is now being subjected to a fresh outburst of propaganda on the subject of immigration. Inspired sources in London, where Mr. Bennett has lately broadcast a speech on the subject, have been forecasting a resumption of the flow of immigrants, and calling on London to meet the need with a new and more liberal policy. The British House has approved a resolution which will enable their government to pay 75 percent of the cost per immigrant, and the Empire Settlement Act of 1922 is to be extended for 15 years. Despatches from Ottawa mysteriously report that "pressure on the government to open the doors to immigration grows daily". We doubt whether a single Canadian politician is prepared to go before his constituents and defend such a policy. Where then is the pressure coming from? It seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that it proceeds from the C.P.R. The inference is confirmed when we notice that the president of the company chose to make immigration the subject of his New Year message. None of the advocates of this preposterous policy have urged the sensible course of surveying through some impartial and expert commission the capacity of Canada to absorb more settlers; probably they are afraid that the capacity will turn



out not to exist. We are still partly under the spell of the propaganda about great empty spaces which was used in boom days to attract foreign labour and capital to the country. It is time to realize that these spaces remain empty because they are not fit to live in.

## Aid to Spain

**T**HE PRESENT civil war in Spain has turned into a dress rehearsal for the bigger European war which everybody over there now expects. Here in Canada the division of opinion as to the relative merits of the disputants in Spain gives us some means of judging how deeply the country would be split on the bigger European issue, especially when this split comes at a time when relations between Protestants and Catholics are strained enough already from developments within our own community. In such conditions we can congratulate the Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy for the splendid work which it has initiated in Dr. Norman Bethune's medical mission to Spain. Here is a Canadian contribution to Europe of which all sections of the community can be proud. Dr. Bethune has concentrated the efforts of his little group of Canadians on one particular service, that of providing facilities for blood transfusion which can be used in all the Madrid hospitals and, if financial support is forthcoming to extend the service, in hospitals further afield also. The methods which he is using have attracted widespread attention from medical men throughout the western world; his special technique may mark a great advance in medical science. This is a work which gives a real distinction to the name of Canada. It can be carried on only if continued financial contributions flow into it from Canadian citizens. The Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy deserves wide support. Its headquarters are at 308 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

## Worthy of Their Hire

**T**HE Ontario School Teachers' Federation at their recent meeting turned down flat a proposal to affiliate with organized labour. Ironically enough, the same convention was informed that their membership had contributed \$2,500 to a Christmas cheer fund for their colleagues in Saskatchewan. We wonder how many of the membership perceived the paradox? The Ontario president hailed this as evidence of "that intangible thing called professional spirit". Without belittling the humanitarian value of the gift, we would like to suggest that it also symbolizes a touch of professional cowardice. In a country as wealthy as ours in natural resources,

when one teachers' unit is compelled to accept charity from another, we suggest it is time for the teaching profession to drop its illusions about a privileged status and join with the other workers in an organized fight for better conditions. In Saskatchewan, the convention was informed, 4,853 teachers are under contract to teach for less than \$500 a year, and even part of this pittance is being withheld or paid in long-term non-negotiable school notes. In Manitoba a committee of rural school teachers who appeared before the education minister to plead their cause on December 30 pointed out that the average salary in Manitoba was \$483, and that some salaries were as low as \$176. We would like to hear of any other civilized country where the teacher has sunk so low in the scale as this. To blame economic conditions is by no means a sufficient answer. Until the teachers across the Dominion are ready to fight in an organized fashion for a decent standard of living, the money which should be used for such purposes will continue to be diverted into armaments and debt services and barracks for policemen.

## A Saturday Night Monarchist

**T**HE THESIS THAT the symbolical function of monarchy is chiefly that of deception, of keeping people from looking at controversial issues realistically, was never more beautifully illustrated than in a recent editorial of Saturday Night. We have become accustomed to looking to Saturday Night every week to give us an example of urbanity and cheerfulness and tolerance in a community in which these qualities are for the most part sadly lacking. But on January 9 it set forth as one of the arguments for the monarchy as the head of the Empire the alleged fact that "there are growing evidences of a disposition in favour of complete separation of Canada from the Empire, on the part of those who contemplate the setting up of some non-democratic or extra-parliamentary system of government with a view to the enforcement of their pet economic dogmas". And to the reader who may feel some scepticism as to the existence of these underminers of society (for Saturday Night is written to be read by intelligent readers) the editor proceeds to specify, as the exponents of North Americanism: "Socialists who see in the B.N.A. Act a serious obstacle to the establishment of Socialism by some kind of coup-d'état". Of course the purpose of this ridiculous Orphan Annie stuff is not to throw light upon the problems of monarchy or of Canada's relations to Great Britain but to create an emotional atmosphere in which the loyalist zealots of Toronto will be encouraged to identify a North American policy with designs to overthrow

democratic institutions. Writing of this kind is unworthy of Saturday Night. The editor should leave such stuff to be interred in the columns of the now defunct Mail and Empire. Insinuation and innuendo of this quality were what one expected from the ancient toothless tory who wrote the Mail's leading articles—but not from B. K. Sandwell.

## Folly of Canadian Rearmament

THE nations of Europe as they rearm continue to manoeuvre for position on the diplomatic chess-board. The end of the year was signalized by the first formal united front between Italy, Germany and Japan, the "hungry three". The response to this tactic was prompt. Eden announced that Britain and France were discussing the terms of a new military understanding. On January 5 Poland marked her re-entry into the French system of alliances by formally accepting a new French loan, four fifths of which was to be spent on additional armaments. The interest is to be 6 per cent. and the impoverished Polish peasantry will endeavour to meet it till their backs break. The French foreign minister announced that a promise from Poland to protect Czechoslovakia from Germany formed part of the deal. Meanwhile Britain completed the good work by fixing up a Mediterranean agreement with Italy, seeking to pry her loose from the Fascist bloc at the price of winking at new troop reinforcements for Franco in Spain, which landed the day after the agreement was signed.

On the colonial front it is Germany that has to do most of the driving, since her two partners have now got Manchuria and Ethiopia to digest. The drive was reported to have taken concrete shape in the form of a protocol to the German-Japanese alliance dividing the markets of the Dutch East Indies between the two signatories. This was followed up in the first week in January by what was apparently a piece of German bluff in Spanish Morocco, a threat to land troops there, in the form of a rumour that they were already landed, the purpose being to extract some concessions from France and Great Britain in other and more profitable African areas. But such imperialist designs can only be tolerated in a victorious nation. Accordingly, the British foreign office countered with an official statement that only the League can alter the status of any League mandate—an excellent piece of hypocrisy, since the League cannot act unless France and Great Britain are willing to propel it. No wonder that Eden's little sermon, to the effect that Britain would prefer butter to guns, was rather ironically received by the German press. France, already quarrelling with Turkey over a fraction of Syria, at the first unconfirmed rumour

of German interference in Spanish Morocco, openly threatened war with Germany. The vacillation so prominently displayed over the Spanish question was now dropped like a discarded mantle. Her attitude in fact was exactly parallel to that of Great Britain during the Ethiopian crisis, when the Foreign Office was prepared to mobilize half the home fleet to defend Egypt, League or no League, but did not consider its League obligations to Haile Selassie worth the danger of Mussolini's displeasure.

The moral of all this is quite plain. The nations of Europe including Great Britain are in no mood to make the slightest concessions to effect peaceful change. Over a moral issue, like League protection of Ethiopia or the defence of Spanish democracy, they will vacillate and procrastinate, not because they are afraid of war, but because action in such cases would not serve any immediate interest of their own. At the first threat to imperialist interests they are ready to take swift and immediate action. This is true of a Popular Front government no less than a National government. In all Europe the old imperial interests still govern. The Fascist powers in seeking markets and raw materials employ a precisely similar morality but are compelled to disturb the status quo to get anything done for themselves. Such are the underlying reasons for the fantastic naval race which is just beginning, with Great Britain well in the lead. The voice of sanity which over a year ago at Geneva spoke of a redistribution of world raw materials and commercial opportunities to all nations is now heard no more.

Meanwhile the steady drive for rearmament in Canada gathers momentum. Newspapers and radio are pressed into service. Movie audiences have to endure the Minister of Defence as he occupies a large portion of the newsreel telling us about the militia. Radio listeners are to receive the same propaganda from him over the air; the new radio commission is likewise preparing publicity for the R.C.M.P. and its work. The defence appropriation is to be increased by 14 millions, and no doubt supplementary estimates will further swell this figure. This is unlikely to be opposed seriously by any group except the C.C.F. Even the Social Credit house leader, J. H. Blackmore, has announced strong support for any policy of rearmament. Meanwhile Great Britain's foreign secretary has lately chosen to reaffirm publicly and significantly that Britain regards the naval protection of Dominion shipping as her first responsibility. This way of putting it is of course skilfully calculated to involve us as deeply as possible.

The propaganda which is being used to justify this rearmament in Canada is no less hypocritical than the fine words with which corresponding poli-

cies are disguised in Europe. These expenditures which our workers and tax-payers are going to be called upon to undertake are carefully labelled "defence" expenditures. In a rapidly re-arming world we have, we are told, to protect our own shores. This is humbug. Our chief defence against foreign aggression has been and always will be the United States. But to say so would destroy any plausible excuse for re-equipping our military and naval forces. Such preparations in Canada are designed for one purpose only—to intervene on the side of Great Britain in a European struggle.

This brings us to hypocrisy's second line of defence. We shall be told as the European situation gets more tense that our moral and material support is needed on the side of democracy against Fascism. It will be the old 1914 propaganda revived, and with great hope of success, for while the imperialists will be ready to support any British cause, the radicals show signs already of a willingness to believe that in blocking the expansion of Italy or Germany or Japan by bombing their cities or killing their working people we are in some mysterious fashion assisting the progress of democracy and socialism. Nothing is more certain than that any open conflict in Europe will be waged between those who want to seize spoils and those who want to keep them, waged, that is, according to the morality which inspires the present diplomatic chess game. It is quite likely that such a conflict would not only preserve the status quo for the haves, but increase their holdings still further. Yet no permanent peace is possible on such a foundation, and no workers' democracy in a fascist country is possible either. The stubborn hypocrisy which maintains the French and British imperial systems in the face of all demands to modify them or to replace imperialism by international control only serves to reconcile the Germans and Italians to their present forms of government. Fascism at least enables them to thumb their noses at the rich relations. If war comes any participating country will have to submit to a military dictatorship, whatever the idealistic motives of its deluded people.

Is it too late for Canada to escape entanglement in this gigantic folly? Every British armament order accepted and fulfilled, every new Canadian tank or uniform, every speech which advocates the defence of our shores or of democracy or, we may add, of the Soviet Union is really a contribution to the defence of a world order which is indefensible. Military isolation from Europe is under such conditions a policy not of cowardice but of common sense. Every dollar we spend on military defence in the next few years will draw us back into the European vortex. Why can't we keep out?

February, 1937.

## The Canadian Forum Short Story Contest

The Canadian Forum offers a prize of \$50.00 in cash for the best short story submitted by March 15th, 1937. The following rules must be observed:

- 1 Stories must not exceed 2,000 words in length.
- 2 Stories may deal with any period or locale, but those with a contemporary Canadian setting will be given preference, other things being equal.
- 3 Manuscripts must be typed (double spaced) on one side only of the paper. The author's name must not appear on the manuscript, but must be enclosed in a sealed envelope bearing on the outside the title of the story only. Return postage must be enclosed.
- 4 Stories must reach the "Story Contest Editor, The Canadian Forum, 28 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Canada", on or before March 15th, 1937.
- 5 The Editor may publish in The Canadian Forum any story submitted, without remuneration. Those considered unsuitable for this purpose will be returned within one month of the date on which the award is announced.
- 6 Members of the Editorial Board and Staff of The Canadian Forum will not be eligible for this contest.

The following have kindly consented to act as judges: Morley Callaghan, distinguished Canadian novelist and short story writer; Bertram Brooker, novelist, artist, and editor of "The Yearbook of the Arts in Canada, 1936", and Earle Birney, literary editor of The Canadian Forum.

The name of the prize-winning author will be announced in the May issue of The Canadian Forum.

### SMALL TOWN

In this small town  
My future lies  
Open doors  
And half shut eyes.

In this small town  
My fate explores  
Open eyes  
And half shut doors.

JANE SMART



# Immigration Ballyhoo

EUGENE FORSEY

ONE GREAT Canadian industry is back at prosperity level. The immigration propaganda mills are going full blast. With a million people still on relief, and farmers, even outside the drought areas, unable to make a decent living, scarcely a week passes without some appeal to us to fill up "the great open spaces".

This propaganda is not the work of a few obscure cranks. Its authors, or at any rate its mouthpieces, are men of weight and substance: at least one eminent Canadian business man, an English bishop, two English industrial magnates, a retired general, a provincial cabinet minister, a former Prime Minister of Canada. These people cannot be laughed aside. They have immense political and economic power, here and in England. Their intentions may be of the noblest, their motives beyond reproach. But the road to hell is paved with good intentions. In considering national economic policy it is facts, not intentions, which matter. The Canadian people are on the verge of having an immigration policy fastened on them without their knowledge or consent. If they want to have any say in this thing, it is high time for them to look at the economic facts of the situation.

"The great open spaces:" How great? And how open?

How great? On the map, Canada looks almost an empire in itself. But much of this vast area is economically worthless and incapable of settlement. According to the 1936 Canada Year Book, only 16.25 per cent. of our land area is officially described as "potential agricultural land." Examination of the detailed figures (p. 38) shows that even this is a generous estimate. It includes, for example, nine million acres in the Yukon and the Northwest Territories. It assumes, for New Brunswick, a larger acreage still "available for occupation" than is already "occupied"; for Ontario, almost twice as much "available" as "occupied"; for Quebec, half as much again "available" as "occupied"; and so forth. Moreover, some of this "potential agricultural land" is still uncleared, and included in the forests which cover 36.2 per cent. of the country. Of the forest land, in turn, less than a third carries "accessible merchantable timber". Potential agricultural land and "accessible merchantable forest" together, therefore, comprise at most less than 30 per cent. of the land of Canada.

The largest number of people Canada will ever be able to support is probably only about 35,000,000 or 36,000,000. These are the figures reached, by



entirely different methods, by Dr. Jenness, of the Dominion department of Natural Resources, and Professor Taylor, of McMaster University. Other independent, authoritative studies reach much the same conclusions. Talk of 80,000,000 or 100,000,000 is just "hot air".

"The great open spaces," then, are not as "great" as they look. How "open" are they?

Thirty-five million is the outside limit for Canada's population under the most favorable circumstances. How fast we can approach this maximum depends on world economic conditions. Peopling a country is not like packing sardines into a tin. It is not a question of how many human beings can squash into a particular territory, nor even of how much that territory can physically be made to produce, cost what it may. It is a question of costs and markets. We might, for example, divide the 9,000,000 acres of unoccupied "agricultural" land in the Northwest Territories into 56,250 farms of 160 acres each, and we might succeed in growing a crop on them. But how much would it cost? And where could we sell it, and at what price? Of the already occupied farm land in Canada only about 38.5 per cent. is actually in use. Why? Largely because it is not worth while to cultivate it; because the produce costs too much to grow; because markets are too restricted or too far away, or both; because of European and American tariffs, quotas and embargoes. (It may well be that much of the occupied agricultural land is marginal or sub-marginal and left unused for that reason; but if so, it would probably be at least equally true of the unoccupied agricultural land; which simply emphasizes the generosity of official figures.)

As Dr. C. A. Dawson says, in his introduction to "The British Immigrant" (by Lloyd G. Reynolds, McGill Social Research Series, No. 2) an accessible market is indispensable to modern settlement. The farmer can no longer live directly off his land except at an exceedingly low standard of living. At the pre-depression standard of western Canada, he had to buy two-thirds of his living necessities (pp. XVII-XVIII).

Canada's economic development has been based on a few export staples, notably wheat. Our capacity to absorb new immigrants depends, therefore, very largely on Europe's capacity and willingness to absorb our wheat at remunerative prices. But the population of northern and western Europe will soon have reached a stationary level and within a few decades will begin to decline. Add to this the prevailing economic nationalism of European countries, and the prospects for any considerable expansion in Canadian wheat growing are far from bright. Mining, and pulp and paper, cannot be expected to increase at much more than their present rate. Any

spectacular further development of manufacturing requires either a larger home market (which again depends ultimately on our capacity to export our staples) or export markets at present, and in any predictable future, closed to us by foreign tariffs.

Most of the immigration propaganda, however, concentrates on agriculture. Agriculture, it insists, can absorb more people, markets or no markets. What are the facts?

Between 1921 and 1931, says Professor W. B. Hurd in a careful study (Proceedings of the Canadian Political Science Association, 1934, pp. 220-237) the net immigration of foreign born to rural Canada was 142,000. The net exodus of native born to the cities and to other countries was about 550,000: 71.2 per cent. of the estimated natural increase in the rural population. In one decade more than 400,000 people left the rural districts. The 1936 census of the prairie provinces shows the same tendency since 1931. The increase in population in the three provinces in the last five years has been 100,000 to 150,000 less than the excess of births over deaths. One hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand people have left the prairie provinces since 1931. Why? Because of a double dose of original sin or a sudden attack of wanderlust? No. Because they couldn't make a decent living, or even perhaps a bare existence.

Further figures adduced by Professor Hurd "demonstrate," he says, "and apparently conclusively" that net migration from Ontario and Quebec to the prairies has stopped and that the movement "has been definitely reversed. They suggest that eastern Canada will be without a western outlet for her excess population so long as conditions exist in the agricultural west comparable to those during the three of four years prior to 1931 . . . If agriculture merely holds its own and other rural employment is not forthcoming, a rural surplus of 800,000 is quite within the realm of expectation during the next decade." (See also Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science, May, 1935; pp. 222-245; an article by Professor Hurd and Miss Jean Cameron.)

Mr. Reynolds, in "The British Immigrant," reaches similar conclusions. Changes in markets, and mechanization of agriculture, have removed the need for large additions to the farming population, and natural increase may well provide the labor necessary for urban industry. (p. 61). Economic nationalism in other countries may produce a relative decline in agriculture as against industry and trade. Certainly no agricultural expansion comparable with that of 1900-1920 can be expected in the next twenty years. Such expansion as is likely will require a farm population no larger, perhaps even smaller, than we now have. (p. 286). As the

International Labor Review put it a year or so ago, "Even when the depression lifts, there is no reason to believe that Canada will be able to ease the problem of unemployment in Europe . . . The day of the pioneer farmer, growing wheat on virgin land with the implements a European immigrant could command, is over . . . Canada is already finding it a problem to provide for the land-workers who are being reared in the Western provinces." (quoted by Reynolds, pp. 286-287.)

Yet this is the moment some eminent personages choose to talk of "bold plans" for reviving mass agricultural immigration!

One other point needs emphasis. In the past we have spent enormous sums to bring people into Canada. How many of them have we been able to keep? And how many of our own people have emigrated? The researches of Dr. R. H. Coats, Dominion Statistician, Dr. Jacob Viner, of the University of Chicago, Professor Roland Wilson, of Australia, Mr. Gilbert Jackson, of the Bank of England, and Professor A. R. M. Lower (Canadian Historical Review, June and December, 1932) have shown conclusively that from 1871 to 1901 more people left Canada than came into it. Net emigration of native Canadians during the period was almost certainly more than 1,000,000. Total immigration, 1901-1931, including returning Canadians, was over 5,000,000; emigration about 3,500,000. (Canada Year Book, 1936, p. 107.) Total emigration of native Canadians in the same period must have been about 1,000,000, of whom perhaps 300,000 returned to Canada. In other words, in those thirty years, we proved unable to absorb about a quarter of the natural increase of Canadian-born and about half our immigrants. At great expense we have brought to Canada three times as many people as we could absorb.

The Canada Year Book figures for the decade 1921-1931 are also illuminating: immigration, 1,509,136 (including 288,874 returning Canadians); emigration, 1,245,555.... net immigration, 263,581. (As Professor Lower says, "The immigration mountain labored and brought forth its mouse.") Meanwhile, net emigration of native Canadians in the decade, according to Professor Hurd, was 430,000. For every 100 "net" immigrants we brought in, 163 ("net") of our own people went out.

There remain two popular arguments for immigration. "Population will make our railways pay," and "population will reduce debt and taxation." Both are meaningless.

The first assumes that an increase in population necessarily means an increase in production and increased railway traffic. This is not so. If the extra numbers all go on relief or subsist at a coolie

level on remote farms, it will do the railways no good at all.

The second is a statistical hallucination. If we divide total debt or taxation by total population, we get a per capita figure. The larger the population, the lower the per capita debt or taxes. But this is a purely arithmetical statement, with no economic significance. If the extra numbers go on relief or settle on "subsistence" farms, they will pay practically no taxes; on the contrary they will be an added expense. The position of the taxpayer will be worse, not better.

As it is fairly clear that we shall not be able to absorb any considerable number of immigrants, what the "bold plans" for mass immigration really mean is substantially this: We shall spend a great deal of money to bring people here from other countries. Some of them will return home. Some will go to the United States as soon as they can. Some will displace native Canadians who will emigrate or go on relief. Most of the immigrants themselves will sooner or later find their way on to relief rolls. Meanwhile the immigrant labor will have been used to break down our standard of living and to smash what feeble trade union defences the working class has been able to build up. The price in human suffering will be appalling. What the taxpayer will get from it is clear enough: more taxes and more debts. What the working class will get from it is a lower standard of living. What the farmer will get is more competition in an already overcrowded market.

Who benefits?

## The Crime

Our crime as man is that we do not think—  
Like fools we make no use of this great power  
Except to rob and lie, to eat and drink  
And make believe an age is in this hour.

In thought there is control of destiny,  
The rout of death and life's unending plan,  
But to our crooked eyes all life is "we"—  
This year, this day and this resplendent man.

We say: "Things are like that" or "What can I,  
One person, do to forge the link of years  
Except by children?" Fools! The years go by  
And thought is left to decompose in fears.

GILEAN DOUGLAS.

The Canadian Forum



# The Popular Front

GORDON SKILLING

**R**ECENT articles in The Canadian Forum have expressed bitter antagonism to a Popular Front for Canada. Their significance lies, not so much in this antagonism, as in the misunderstanding of the meaning of the Popular Front which they have revealed. This article is intended to correct some of these misunderstandings, which are typical of those which have wrought such havoc in the cordial relations of Socialists and Communists. It is not intended to pass judgment on the particular Canadian form of the issue of the Popular Front; it is intended simply to render possible clearer thinking on that issue.

The policy of a popular front has been criticized as a counsel of despair, an abandonment of the socialist objective and a return to the tactics of reformism which have disgraced socialist parties in all countries. With this attitude towards social democracy it is not hard to agree. The socialist movement was falsely injured by such men as Ebert and Scheideman in Germany, Bauer and Renner in Austria, Briand in France and MacDonald in England. We can all agree in believing that gradualism is not the correct path to socialism. Communists have made this the key note of their political strategy from the beginning; it was the leit-motif of the Seventh Congress of the Communist International, 1935. Events in Europe since 1933, in Germany, Austria and Spain in particular, have forced many socialists into a similar position.

But it is a mistake to identify the old gradualism and the new movement for a united or popular front. The Popular Front is a political strategy of an essentially different kind, conceived under vastly different circumstances. It is untrue to say that it has arisen for completely non-socialist reasons. On the contrary it is considered by its advocates as the most realistic approach to socialism in contemporary political circumstances. The significant facts of the new situation are (1) the menace of fascism, or extreme reaction; (2) the imminence of war; (3) the failure of the old social democracy either to prevent fascism and war or to achieve socialism, and (4) the failure of revolutionary socialism or communism to gain sufficient mass support to win political power. The pressing and immediate need, then, is some new method of approach, which will not only defend democratic countries from fascism and further the preservation of peace, but which will open the way to power for the socialist movement. The new method which is now under consideration in all

democratic countries is the "People's Front", which may include either one or all of the following organizations: a united front of all socialist parties (Socialist, Communist, Trotskyite), a people's front of all anti-fascist, progressive organizations and/or a popular front government.

C.C.F. writers hesitate to accept any of these new forms of political tactics—for fear of the collaboration with bourgeois parties or groups that they may involve. Now it is evident, from the nature of the case, that the programme of a Popular Front, such as the French or the Spanish, will not be socialist. But there is evidence, in theory and in fact, that by its nature the Popular Front may be the first step towards socialism. In the first place the Popular Front is the best defence against fascism—and the establishment of fascism means the postponement of socialism for decades. In the second place, the Popular Front organizes and unites all those fighting for peace—and war means the temporary suppression of socialist activity and the endangering of the only socialist country, the U.S.S.R. In the third place the Popular Front is the method of securing drastic social reform and of encouraging the popular struggle, outside of parliament, for improved living conditions. This serves the cause of socialism in countless ways—by preserving and developing the trade union movement, by changing the personnel of the police, the bureaucracy, the upper ranks of army, navy and air force, by preserving individual liberties, by weakening capitalism, by the wider extension of social services and the improvement of working conditions, by familiarizing the masses with socialist aims and methods and winning their confidence and active support. The liberals and the moderate socialists who support the Popular Front will content themselves with the preservation of democracy and peace, and the achievement of social reform. The left wing socialists and communists will consider these successes as steps towards socialism—and will not fail to make this clear in all their propaganda. Thus it is only a half truth to say that the Popular Front is essentially defensive. The Popular Front in the minds of those who originated it was intended to be aggressive, a guarantee that the ultimate transition to socialism will be somewhat less difficult and less remote.

But there is a further point which needs to be emphasized. Several recent writers in The Canadian Forum seem to labour under the curious delusion that the Communist party has abandoned the struggle for socialism. To hold such a belief

is to betray a lack of familiarity with the proceedings of the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International. One could not possibly read the very important report of Dimitrov (Aug. 2), and the resolution based thereon (Aug. 20) and receive the impression that 'the revolution is off'. The Popular Front, to the Communists, is that method which is best suited to oppose the fascist revolutions and prepare for the socialist revolution.

Nor does the concern of all communists for the safety of the Soviet Union mean that the Communist party has abandoned the struggle for socialism. The Popular Front is not simply an instrument of Litvinoff's foreign policy. Surely the imminence of a new imperialist war, in which Russia would be the chief object of attack, is as clear as crystal. In these circumstances every socialist party should consider the defence of the Soviet Union a matter not only of principle but of national socialist expediency—it is the struggle for socialism in the realist manner. It would be utopian to leave Russian socialism to its fate, ignoring the disastrous effect on the world socialist movement of the collapse of Russia in war. But this does not mean that the Popular Front is solely a method of defending the Soviet Union. The essence of the Dimitrov report at the Seventh Congress was the need for the Popular Front in order to guard against the internal danger of fascism in each country. Nor did Dimitrov fail to point out, much more effectively than I have done in this article, the essentially aggressive nature of this 'defensive' policy.

In view of these corrections how should the policy of "simon-pure" socialism be revised? What should the policy of socialists be at this critical stage of history? In ideal circumstances, the policy of "political isolation" might be acceptable: i.e., if there were no present danger of fascism and of imperialist war, if socialist parties had prospects of early electoral success, and if the constitutional approach to socialism were entirely satisfactory. If these conditions were fulfilled political isolation might be justified. But the conditions are nowhere present; the policy then remains utopian. There is no clear-cut and easy choice between capitalism as it now exists, say in England or Canada, and socialism by democratic means, a choice which the electorate can be soon expected to make in favour of the latter. There is a choice between fascism and war on one hand, and socialism through revolutionary methods, of which the Popular Front is the first, on the other. The choice is not between Baldwin and Citrine; the choice is between La Roque or Franco and Blum or Caballero.

In other words, the first condition of the formation of a "revolutionary" Popular Front is a changed attitude on the part of the socialists—

not necessarily a full acceptance of Marxism but a revision of their political thought in that direction. Until this change takes place there is little likelihood, in a given country, of the acceptance by socialists of a Popular Front. It is significant that the Popular Front is rejected in such countries as England, Belgium, and Denmark, where the gradualist attitude prevails among the Labor Party leaders, while it is accepted in such countries as France and Spain, where the revolutionary attitude prevails.

The danger of the Popular Front policy is that it may be used by "gradualist" socialists simply as a means to moderate social reform. Dimitrov makes this point in his report. One of the prerequisites in the formation of a Popular Front government is, he says, "that the differentiation in the ranks of Social Democracy and other parties participating in the united front must already have reached the point where a considerable proportion of them demand ruthless measures against the fascists and the other reactionaries, and openly come out against the reactionary section of their own party which is hostile to communism". What the communist sees and what the socialist does not always see is that the avoidance of the danger of "right opportunism" or "gradualism" is largely within the power of the socialists. It will be the exceptional case where the communist will act inconsistently with his general essentially revolutionary line of thought. But will the socialist, unless his socialism bears no trace of gradualism, carry out the full revolutionary implications of the Popular Front? And if he is an uncompromising socialist, what is there to prevent him supporting other uncompromising socialists, i.e., the communists, in a struggle for an aggressive Popular Front?

□ ● □

The old gods crumble  
Their dry dust  
Swirls in the wind  
And settles on the ground

The vacant thrones  
Anticipating life  
Wait solidly unwittingly  
In the wide darkening halls

JANE SMART

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# Art and the Pre-Cambrian Shield

ELIZABETH WYN WOOD

**M**OST OF US who are interested in the arts have read Mr. Underhill's recent appraisals of Canadian Art in the Canadian Forum and in Saturday Night, and his views have been widely quoted. Mr. Underhill is a scholar of some discernment. I have listened to him on many occasions with the most profound respect. It is gratifying, therefore, to find him turning, even if only casually, to the contemplation of the Arts. Men who are concerned with public affairs should rightly take art into account.

Mr. Underhill has been moved to jeer. His taunts have much truth in them. I am not prepared to defend contemporary Canadian art, per se, as a fine, well rounded manifestation of a people's culture. Much of it is bad, much of it feeble. On the other hand, Mr. Underhill's attitude, as expressed in these articles is conceived of a philosophy which is definitely limited. From the first I have been uneasily aware that he is a little boy who has taken the cat to the boiler room to tie a length of lead pipe to its tail. He is probably unaware that this is in fact what he is doing. More than likely he suspects some virtue in the animal. But he is, perhaps, a little baffled, even abashed, and his approach is conditioned by the idiom of his own back alley.

The idiom of Mr. Underhill's particular alley, or boiler room, is of course one of political economy. The reason for his popularity is that he is riding a presently fashionable wave, wherein the idea of art as propaganda, serving the party, diarizing current experience, is easy to comprehend and insist upon. It is a mild epidemic of the Early Christian Martyr—Communist—Oxford Group fever which demands the consecration of all talent to the services of a readily recognizable cause.

His general aversion to the natural background and subject matter of most Canadian Art is already known. In the December Forum he asks: "What effect seven years of a world depression have had on the tone and outlook of Canadian artists? For the depression has made us conscious that we face not merely an economic but a spiritual crisis in our civilization . . . In Europe men are having to decide whether they will go fascist or communist. European artists have been compelled to rethink the whole question of the relation of the artist to society, and the finer spirits among men, as far as I can make out, are deciding one after another that in our troubled generation the artist must be red or dead . . . What has been the impact of these



ELIZABETH WYNN WOOD

world-shaking events upon Canadian artists? I cannot find any evidence . . . that Canadian artists have been moved by the phenomenon of a civilization dissolving before their eyes."

It is precisely here that the Canadian artist has been a trail-blazer. He has always had some doubt about the importance of civilization. He has only partly accepted it. He has walked off into the hinterland at every opportunity. With explorers, backwoodsmen, even farmers and villagers, he has felt the spell of reality, knowing that the organization, the gadgets and the dealings of civilization were somehow not the be-all either of life or of culture. He has therefore leaned very heavily upon the wilderness for spiritual stimulation and nourishment, a fact which Mr. Underhill has noted with scorn. It should not surprise him however, that the artist should remain unimpressed by the dissolution.

A long procession of artists have taken the trail. Krieghoff painted pot boilers in Quebec and masterpieces on Lake Superior. Warre made his drawings of the west before the boundary between Oregon and British Columbia was settled. Paul Kane lived and painted among the Indians. The Totem carvers of the west coast accepted the white man's tools, carved their poles, and had misgivings about the coming civilization. They made great



sculpture before they fell, the noblest monumental art between Egypt and the grain elevator. On through the years the pioneers trooped to the wilds: Bellsmith to the mountains, Reid to Algoma, Beatty to Algonquin. Many have felt the lure from across the seas. Tom Thomson grew like a pine tree on the rocks. The Group of Seven, inspired, shouted their triumph. Jackson and Harris touched the Arctic. Yvonne McKague found the earth meeting man in Sudbury and Coppercliff. They are numberless now—spreading through the bush, the plains, the hills. Myself, I have lain on the rock between the sky and the water and I have remembered that thousands of men, in different parts of the world, throughout all the ages, have lived in peace, in happiness and in creative energy without knowing the organization we call civilization.

What should we do instead? Paint castles in Spain—crumbling? Paint the Russian proletariat standing on the fallen Cossack, a modern Saint George and the Dragon? Or shall we paint guns standing in rows, waiting? Such things are not authentic stimuli to the Canadian artist. Should we then turn to our own oppressors—make cynical statues of the academic capitalist with his paunch and silk hat? We have not the appetite. Our millionaires are fine fellows who mush through the north as we do, eating hardtack and bully beef, and sometimes having their own doubts. Moreover, if they are lucky enough to bring in a mine or two, the worst that can be said of them is that they are digging up gold for the People's Government to confiscate by and by.

Then too, the half civilization in which we live for a part of the year is a fairly good one, as civilizations go. We have to take into account, of course, that the outward and visible signs are extremely limited. (Six or seven cities and a row of slag heaps, from a bird's eye view, and enough inhibitions to make good Surrealists of us all were we not so hesitant about exploring them!) But apart from that we have a magnificent agricultural and industrial architecture. The grain elevator is more than a gleam in the west to the discerning. Canadians rather generally respond to it, as they do to all modern scientific works, from automobiles to medicine. There are political and economic flaws here, but we shall accept the new social order, inevitably seeping into consciousness by observation rather than by agitation, very easily. There is everywhere a general tendency toward the creation and maintenance of well being among the people as a whole. This indeed has been a force in the gathering of our population from all parts of the world and is, in the final analysis, an urge toward true socialism, no matter what party may carry it along. The only reaction here, of any influence, is

in Quebec and is fairly well isolated. Utter desperation such as is prevalent in Europe today is practically unknown to us by actual experience. In Europe the various so-called socialist parties have aroused either class consciousness (Russia, Spain) or national consciousness (Germany, Italy) with the accompanying antagonisms and fears. On the American continent the peculiar contribution of our way of life has been some measure of classlessness and of racial co-operation. Public Education, government services, mass production and a certain degree of equality of opportunity have provided a background which has been conducive, though still incompletely, to the interlocking of class attributes and the merging of racial differences. Here, then is the ground where art might conceivably function socially, as art for all, for the first time in the history of the world, not for the propagation of an ideology but itself a treasure, an enrichment of life.

Politics and economics do not make the fundamental structure of life. They are the plumbing and heating systems of society, that is all. I admit that the furnace is out, and the pipes have all frozen and burst, and the water is leaking all over the house. People are running up and down yelling from room to room, and the plumbers are making muddy footmarks on our new white rugs. The kitchen is upset, and the bathroom is out of order. And the landlord is fussing about trying to have things mended, when he knows perfectly well they cannot be mended, and that a whole new system will have to be installed. Nevertheless, let me repeat, it is the heating and plumbing which have gone awry, not the house and not the people. There is no reason for everyone to add to the clamour. The man outside on the ladder cleaning the windows had better continue cleaning the windows. We shall want to look out of them tomorrow. The seamstress in the back room had better continue quietly with her sewing. And let her add a frill to the dress, if you wish. Tomorrow we shall still be human and we may want a frill. And the artist in the garret should continue to paint his still life. The apples will wither soon enough and his paint dry on his palette if he leaves it unused.

Now the European passion for pyramidal regimentation, the class struggle, the subservience of all effort, including creative, to the advertizing of political and economic ideology may produce a great art in Europe. It may even yet produce a great art in the Americas. It will not necessarily do so, however, and even if it should there remains the possibility of another art growing up beside it, whose stimulus, philosophy and effect, while entirely different, could be equally or even more sustaining. The one place at the present time where

we may observe the theory of political use of the artist completely in effect is in the Soviet Union. Yet the bulk of the art produced since the revolution, in the first passion of release, when one might expect art to blossom, has been nothing more than fair commercial illustration, a little refreshing to our eyes because the Slavic type is novel and colourful to us, but no more aesthetically satisfying than "The Doctor" and other subject pictures of the Victorian era. Of the endless stream of portraits of their leaders, Lenin and Stalin, I have yet to see one which is fine by any standard, as the Khafra of the Egyptians is fine. Even the carefully selected gallery group of pictures which came to us this autumn from a more settled, mature and sensible Soviet Union, while technically exciting and sophisticated, full of spirit and virtuosity, showed an art essentially false, derivative and of little stature.

Whether one likes it or not, the serious student of art and history must admit that art may grow up under any conditions. Art has flourished in slavery and in freedom. It has been individual, co-operative, civilized, savage. It has flourished quickly and it has grown tediously. The Egyptians created a noble art with simple farmers, working in their spare time, under overlords, upon projects whose function was based upon individual and dominating vanity. The medieval craftsmen, by co-operative individualism produced Gothic art in a spirit of reverence and conviction. The Greeks rose to their high period under a dictatorship. Chinese art grew by a long process of academic formalism. French art has sponsored individuality and novelty above all else. Modern art and architecture up to the present time have, ironically enough, grown up under a capitalistic industrialism. Thus if a great art is to grow up in Canada it is as likely to come from our natural life as from hysteria.

However, the Canadian artist is not entirely insensitive to world conditions. On the contrary, when in 1929 Mr. Underhill found him singing in the wilderness, he was singing, not in unawareness that he was in the midst of an economic boom, but in exultation. His values were then, as they are now, independent of that boom. And if he seems presently numbed by world shock, there is nevertheless within him a deep passion for the slow and solid life this continent gives. Canadian artists are mostly sons of pioneers who left the old lands, with their unhappy civilizations, outworn customs, hatreds, oppressions and prestige manias to come to a wilderness, free and hopeful, and who have found peace and some measure of fulfilment along with the half-civilization they have made. Nor does nationalism bound our consciousness. Modern communication and the continuing peace of our land have made us at least continental. The pulse beat behind

American architecture, Mexican murals, Canadian painting, and all the North American engineering arts is our life force. Incomplete as they may be, and surrounded still with a matrix of derivation, these arts are nevertheless more vital today than the contemporary arts of the "red and dead" Europeans. And we are stretching! Many hands and many ideas may function in so vast a field.

The artist, as much as any one, will welcome the new social order if and when it comes. Able to work under almost any conditions, he would obviously work more happily in security. The accomplishment of Periclean Athens is an example of such planning. The W.P.A. in the United States may be a step in that direction, but it is still an emergency measure rather than a permanent plan. A modern social art should transcend Greece in magnitude of projection and in liberal philosophy. Art has been, and could be again, the glory of a people in her high period and sustaining in her morale in times of depression. America is, psychologically, almost ready.

Only in reception are the European peoples more acute than we. The artist everywhere works sincerely, but since all arts are conditioned to some extent by the layman, his portion of responsibility should be recognized in this country. A lead pipe on the cat's tail neither repairs the plumbing nor completes the cat. That art should be expected to express, in almost illustrative terms, an economic depression or a political theory is to limit appreciation to such an extent as to cause a serious deficiency at least in the audience, and perhaps ultimately in the artist. Wars, depressions, peace and social security influence the arts, but art does not necessarily document these events. It may only be slowed down or exhilarated by them. Geography and current taste are much more discernible in the work of a place or period, but these, also, have no essential artistic significance. Such things modify the form only, and their interest is chiefly historical.

I proclaim the long stride, the far vision, the free spirit. I propose we set our house in order according to our own problems, needs and aspirations. And, if we are tired of the mess in our house, let us camp for a while on our northern pre-Cambrian shield. Let us have criticism that is sound and technical, let us have sincere, understanding receptivity. Let us not fear simplicity. We shall need health and we shall need space. Some day we may have to take in the refugees from a smouldering civilization. We may have to offer them more than bread. We may have to offer them the spiritual sustenance of an art which grows on the bare rock and bare chests.

# More Socialists on the Monarchy

## I.

**M**R. UNDERHILL'S analysis of the Socialist responses to the recent monarchic crisis was conducted with that incisive brilliance which is at once the delight and despair of his fellow-writers; but may I be permitted to indicate one respect in which it seems to have been left incomplete? His disdainful dismissal of the soft-headed sentimentalists, deft as it was, left rather the impression that he implicitly subscribed to the common theory which in its broadest and most familiar terms may be thus syllogistically stated:

All Good Socialists are Republican Atheists  
No Christian Monarchists are Republican  
Atheists

Therefore, no Christian Monarchists are Good Socialists.

But the truth of this conclusion depends on the truth of the major premiss . . .; and that is not obvious.

For King Edward's supporters were not limited to Fascists and soft-headed sentimentalists. On the definite question of the projected marriage, without prejudice to any other matters, he had the cordial approval of a number of men and women scattered through all parties, who might readily accept the name of hard-headed sentimentalists, people of the type mainly responsible for the creation of an Empire from which they derive considerable emotional satisfaction, and some of them no little pecuniary profit.

These men, whatever their nominal party allegiance, welcomed the projected Royal Marriage, and would have welcomed the coronation of the new queen, exactly because they regarded the monarch, in Mr. Underhill's words, as "our senior civil servant" or with even more drastic limitation, as "our ex officio first citizen."

Such a marriage, they felt, would definitely put a stop to the dangerously exploited exaltation of Royalty, and would constitute an unmistakable public admission and assertion of the only terms on which Monarchy is conceivable in a Socialist state. Nor did they feel that a Monarch is any more out of place in a Socialist state than any other type of artist; and they felt that there are certain types of onerous and decorative duties that experience has shown can be most conveniently and satisfactorily devolved as a hereditary burden on the members of one unhappy family.

They did not and do not believe that the choice lay between vindicating the constitutional supremacy of Parliament, and accepting the potential dangers of a politically active monarchy. On the

contrary, they felt that this was a golden opportunity to assert the political unimportance of the monarchy, and to insist that the choice of a wife was a private matter for the King and his own family to arrange, much less important politically than the marriage of a Cabinet Minister. Nor did they feel that any serious threat of fascism was to be found in a man who deliberately put aside, when it lay ready to his hand, all the impressive machinery of pomp and circumstance that other Fascist movements have found it necessary to improvise.

They believed, as was pointed out in a recent letter in the *New Statesman*, that the Opposition ought to have regarded any opportunity to get rid of the present Government as a gift from the gods, and to have declared publicly that if the Baldwin Ministry chose to leave office on such a trivial and frivolous pretext, so much the worse for the Baldwin Ministry; they themselves intended to fix their own and the people's attention on really serious and pressing problems of domestic and foreign policy.

It is true that some of the Labour leaders seem to have resented non-Union competition in the sphere they smugly assigned to themselves, of being the conscience of England; but as for all the justificatory twaddle about this experience being a timely reminder that a Monarch is a human being, not a tin god, the plain fact is that the British peoples were presented with this reminder and resolutely refused to consider it. They have insisted that their monarch must try to be a tin god, or get out, and not all the uneasy rationalization of all the Socialists that ever walked into Mr. Baldwin's parlour can alter this fact.

There is an admirable, but depressing irony in the thought that Mr. Baldwin's adroit play-acting should have so imposed, not only on His Majesty's Loyal and Innocent Opposition, but even on the suspicious and cynical mind of Mr. Underhill, that they acquiesce in, and indeed applaud, an impudently open manoeuvre to perpetuate exactly the type of monarchy, and the attitude to monarchy, of which they most disapprove. Whether England will ever again, at least in time to prevent either the maintenance or the overthrow of the Monarchy by violent means, get a monarch whose character and circumstances would lend themselves so well to a revaluation of the position of the Monarchy, is very doubtful. Whether she deserves, or would use, such an opportunity, is still more doubtful. If fascism seems to make little open headway there, perhaps the reason is not so much that it is uncongenial, as that it is unnecessary.

ALASTAIR McKYE



## II.

With the first three columns of Professor Underhill's article, "Socialists and the Monarchy," I agree. But at the risk of being called a "self-headed sentimentalist" and "romantic radical," I venture to differ with some of his further comments, and to add a few of my own.

For generations the Conservative party has considered the Crown its private property. It won the last election largely on the strength of a royal jubilee, a royal wedding and a royal baby. Now, for the first time in history, there was a chance of this priceless asset passing to other hands. The prospect manifestly filled the Conservatives with alarm; indeed, there is ground for suspecting that the King was "framed" for that very reason.

The business of an Opposition is to oppose. If it had had any political sense, to say nothing of Socialist convictions, the very least Labour could have done was to keep quiet and so keep Mr. Baldwin guessing. If it cared for Socialism and peace, the very last thing it should have done was to let it be known that it would not form an alternative government.

Professor Underhill admits that "the prerogatives of the King are not clearly defined". Does he really believe that Labour's shining example of Whiggism on this occasion will deter the Conservatives from using the royal powers for their own purposes when occasion demands? If so, I am tempted to apply to him some of his own caustic epithets.

I am not suggesting "a People's King—heading a popular crusade for social justice". I am simply asking whether Labour could not, constitutionally, have accepted responsibility for offering the King different advice from Mr. Baldwin's, and have fought an election with the royal prestige for once on its side instead of against it. Such a policy might have had its risks, though for the reason given in the preceding paragraph they seem to me negligible; but in the present critical condition of Britain and Europe they were surely worth taking. Anyhow, Labour could hardly sink to any lower depths of impotence than it has already reached. It might have saved Europe. It chose instead to save its own respectability. Requiescat in pace!

To this Professor Underhill has in effect already replied that at least we have saved democracy. But have we! The royal powers, I repeat, are still available for Conservative use, and there is every sign that the new King would be more, and not less, amenable to such use than his brother. It is not Parliament which has triumphed, nor even the Cabinet. It is Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin did not consult his Cabinet when he first broached the subject to the King. He says so himself. The

Cabinet did not consult Parliament at all until a very late stage of the proceedings and then presented it with a virtual fait accompli. What are the implications of this for democracy?

Mr. Baldwin has proved himself once again the world's smoothest politician. One evidence of this is the use he has made of Canada in this whole performance. A friend in England writes in these terms: "I suppose you in Canada are the people who really insisted on no special legislation. . . I wish Baldwin had let the Coronation go through first, but I understand Canada pressed him too hard." I hope Professor Underhill enjoys seeing this country used to pluck Mr. Baldwin's chestnuts out of the fire.

I hope also that he is right in thinking that we can now "once more discuss frankly the position of the monarchy." At least we now know that when the ruling class sings "God Save our Gracious King" the accent is on "our", and the singers are adding, in their own minds, "and God damn him if he does not serve our ends". But how long will this knowledge survive the elaborate build-up of the new King, who has "worked his way up from the bottom of the ladder", as one of the puffs has it? I am afraid Professor Underhill is too optimistic.

EUGENE FORSEY

## Song in Exile

Give me a country!  
Give me people who are my people!  
I am lonely for brothers and sisters  
and would share myself with them,  
being concerned for their well-being.  
I do not understand nations  
or the game of different languages  
and see no hope for the narrow town.

Though empires are a thin film  
soon crushed, war-broken, sand-covered,  
we shall live again.  
In the ether and skies  
of an untouched land  
a new world is forming,  
enveloping, comfortable  
with many friends!

ALAN CREIGHTON



# Contemporary Canadian Artists

G. CAMPBELL McINNES

## No. 1---Carl Schaefer

**A** TRUE ARTIST is one who succeeds in transmitting to us his own personal vision in such a way that we cannot but acquiesce. In order to do this, he must combine sincerity and aesthetic sensibility with a craftsmanship developed to the point where it has become the ideal vehicle for transmitting this vision. Craftsmanship alone can never produce a first rate work of art; inspiration alone, without mastery of technical means, is unlikely to do so. It is only by a blend of both that this can be achieved.

Although not the prime reason for the individuality and importance of Carl Schaefer in the field of contemporary Canadian painting, one of the chief reasons for his strength is the long and careful training which he had as a craftsman. He worked first as apprentice to a wood turner, later as a church decorator, then with various construction companies and with the late J. E. H. MacDonald and his son Thoreau, and finally his long period beneath the stern discipline of various graphic media, before finding himself, in water colors and oils.

Born in Hanover in 1903, it was to Hanover that Schaefer always returned in the intervals between his work as a craftsman; and it was there, towards the end of 1933, that the long process of steeping himself in his native environment began to fuse with his imaginative qualities, his sense of form and his command of his media, and to produce the spirited, highly individual work by which he is now known.

Carl Schaefer has been one of those few painters in Canada, who, having been tremendously influenced by the Group of Seven (to whom what is vital in contemporary landscape painting here is due), has sufficient strength to follow his own path, having winnowed and sifted for himself what the Group had to offer. To do this at a time when a great number of young painters were slavishly imitating the Group, seeing life at second-hand and reducing their discoveries to formulae, is evidence of his great strength of character.

He learnt from the Group to seek inspiration in the form of his own country, and to use a light palette, but he discarded their decorative use of color, and their poetic and romantic viewpoint, substituting subdued tones which he uses to create form itself, and a strong vein of realism coupled with a wry humor. But he retained the Group's dynamic linear rhythm, and it is his own peculiar

use of this, which he assimilates to form plastically conceived and largely created by color, that is perhaps the most striking feature of his work. If one adds to this a rich sense of paint as a means to creating atmosphere, a certain apparent detachment resulting from very strong feeling, carefully disciplined, and a sense of the dramatic—powerful and at times overstressed, one has, I think, the underlying reasons for that free, taut, singing quality that is in evidence in the painting reproduced here.

"Spring Plowing", painted in 1935, may be taken as a typical statement of what Schaefer has tried to say during the last four years. Although it is not completely typical, being an oil (whereas, up till now, his most compelling achievements have been in water-colors) it represents, as well as any one painting can, his qualities and his defects. The latter are rapidly decreasing, and at present, and in my own opinion, constitute an, at times, undue preference for the dramatic, a somewhat anecdotal note in composition, and a tendency to use oils as if the fundamental difference between them and water-colors had been as yet imperfectly grasped.

On the other hand, this reproduction, though it can do no justice to the very subtle yet strong gradations of color, the whole of which reflect atmosphere—imaginatively real atmosphere as opposed to atmosphere vaporings, patterns and tricks—serves admirably to illustrate the wiry strength of Schaefer's method. Notice the way in which the design pulls together, how the dark earthy hill to the right establishes a solidity that is reinforced by the snake fence (like the privy, almost a Schaefer trademark) which leads the eye back into the depths of the sombrely damp woods at the horizon line, how the forms of the undulating hills emerge as formed by the fusing of color and line—not as lines containing color, or color surrounded by line. Schaefer's art is intensely personal, absolutely convincing, and forged of his environment and his sensibility. He is even now an important figure in contemporary painting; and his aesthetic integrity is such that he cannot but grow in stature.

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# The Professor's Leisure

WILLIAM H. HAY

## SPRING PLOWING



Carl Schaefer

February, 1937.



# The Professor's Leisure

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER

**P**EEKING through the study curtains,—a silly, school-girl trick if there ever was one,—Professor Attaboy could see the Daily Prevaricator being deposited at his front door. A modest wait for the delivery lad to get out of sight (Attaboy would have been mortified in the extreme if he had been caught displaying any eagerness over the local scandal sheet); then he opened the door quickly, snatched the paper up, and presently stretched himself on the new installment-plan lounge under the tall, wobbly bridge-lamp. One glance at the front page and he began to make noises like the old Model T Ford going into action. Good God, there was the dear old U's name spread all over the newspaper, and a double-column eight-inch picture of that absurd colleague of his, Scarlett the sociologist, prominent figure in the local Socialist party. To think that a man who had been fortunate enough to become a full professor at Pazoosa, with all the chance in the world to go on motor trips in the long summer holiday and to play bridge and badminton in the winter's intervals of "research", should interest himself in politics, especially in such a peculiar party as the Socialist outfit! Well, what had happened now?

Ha! The Council of the Regents had stepped on Scarlett this time all right, all right. Scarlett was proposing to contest the parliamentary seat in South Bingleville, where the University of Pazoosa functioned, as candidate for the Socialist party, but the Council had played hell with that idea. "No trailing of the reputation of our university through the mud and filth of an electoral campaign,"—that was the phrase of the Chairman, who was never very original and often quite inaccurate. Attaboy was happy through and through. In fact, he felt so good that he rushed out to the kitchen to tell Mary all about it. This involved opening two cans and bringing up one scuttle of coal, but by God, it was almost worth it! At least it would have been if Mary hadn't said: "Well, why shouldn't he run if he wants to?" Women had no head for politics anyway.

Maturer reflection fomented regrets. Why the hell had the Council interfered anyway? We'd have shown Scarlett up for just nobody at all if he'd run! We'd have let him see that a university is the last place in the world to discuss changes in the economic order! Heck, he wouldn't have got five votes on the whole staff. He'd have lost his deposit. Socialist candidate! In a university like

Pazoosa, the motto of which affected a mild interest in "More Light", or something to that effect! Attaboy kept on this same way at dinner with all a professor's domestic courage. Mary finally got peeved when she reflected that Attaboy was paying a "voluntary contribution" of about fifteen per cent. on his university salary. Scarlett had said (so someone told her) that that kind of thing was just another example of the utter ineptness and the barefaced hypocrisy of the capitalist system. She finally suggested this in an interval of her husband's raving. Attaboy got fearfully excited, banged the table till the dishes jumped, and only desisted when little Johnny and Susy burst into loud wails, and Caesar, the family hound, began to howl in the kitchen.

Attaboy was a very young man to have attained an associate professorship, just thirty-one, to be exact; and he prided himself, reasonably enough, on his athletic abilities. Badminton was his favorite line, and he surely was good at it. The way he would 15-1, 15-2 his staff opponents was a joy to watch, but he never realized how much some of his victims loathed him for his very capabilities. It was quite all right to do that to a student if you could (damn good discipline for them!), but what was the big idea of beating up a colleague like that? Some people never would know what good manners and a proper staff spirit demanded. But Attaboy was as unobservant as he was untactful and vain. "Thanks, old man, that was a nice warming up for me. Sorry you didn't tally oftener, but you gave me quite a game at that."

To be sure, Attaboy was actually going great guns that year. He was a recognized top-notch among all the Bingleville players, and the talk was already beginning to run on the possibility of his winning the provincial championship. The annual tournament was getting near; the principal opponent "looming" on the horizon was young Upanatem, son of the M.L.A. from Shingleburg, who was wiping the floor with his clubmates and all other comers in the southern end of the province. The final of the men's open singles would certainly bring Attaboy and Upanatem together, and quite a few of the staff were getting ready to recoup themselves for their "voluntary contribution" by discreet bets on Attaboy; it looked a little more hopeful than the Irish Sweepstakes. Some were even going to bet on him to win in straight sets, but the married men, all instalment payers, were more cautious.

Attaboy was taking it dead seriously too. He

was suffering from quite a lot of "flutters" about his prospects for the championship, and some sour-mugs even hinted that his academic effectiveness was falling off. By now his diet, his hours of sleep, his time of exercise, his study of the careers and methods of the great badminton players had become a well-fixed regime. It is true that sometimes when he was lecturing in Paleobotany 69A the argument would get away from him as there flashed suddenly on his mind a new idea on how to hold the net position after a smash and a follow-up run-in, but his students, accustomed to the world's worst in lecturing in other courses, never even noticed the incoherence; it went down in the note-books along with all the other twaddle with which students fill such things. To be sure, Mary wished that racquets and birds didn't cost quite so much (no "voluntary contribution" from the makers of those things towards solving the depression!) but she was too good and loyal a wife to criticize unduly. Men were only kids after all! And probably Mrs. Scarlett suffered even more from the way her husband blew in his money on every last new book on economics. All men were queer, professors just a little more so; at least that was the word that went the rounds at the Women's Faculty Club teas.

Meantime down in Shingleburg young Upanatem was coming along famously too. His father, the M.L.A., was terribly proud of his youngster and confident he would win. Whenever anyone mentioned Attaboy as a contender, his face would darken and grow hard, and he had even been heard to say: "Badminton is no place for university professors. They ought to stick to their books and leave badminton to the people it was intended for." A good many people in Shingleburg thought the old man was just about right, and the local paper, the Hit and Run, ran an editorial to that effect which was very favorably commented on in the Shingleburg Rotary, Kiwanis and Raspberry Tart service clubs. Finally when Smasher, the big English professional, came through on his all-Canada tour, and Attaboy won a set off him while Upanatem failed to do so, Upanatem Senior took it upon himself to write to President Fixer of Pazoosa to suggest that the sporting proclivities of certain members of his staff were exciting very unfavorable public comment, which would no doubt be reflected in the legislature's next vote for university "upkeep and salaries"; such was the exact order in which he placed the words. He enclosed as a clipping the editorial from the Shingleburg Hit and Run.

President Fixer took alarm at once, like the true university president that Pazoosa boasted he was. The rabbits had nothing on Fixer. Of course, he always rationalized that fact, to save his own

face, by saying that he was after all "only the trustee for a great public service," but he knew why he was president and how alone he could remain president. So he sent forthwith for Attaboy, who was immensely bucked up when he got the presidential message; he told Mary that he had probably been sent for to have announced to him the long overdue promotion to a full professorship and possibly a better salary. Mary was frankly sceptical; all her original illusions about President Fixer, acquired in listening to his inaugural address, had faded out of the picture long ago. On the way to the presidential office, Attaboy happened to meet Scarlett, who stopped him long enough to say that he had seen the editorial in the Shingleburg Hit and Run, and that he thought it a most dastardly attack on a man's right (yes, even a professor's right) to do with his private time what he would. "Thanks, old man," said Attaboy rather loftily, "I don't attach any importance to that sort of thing." "Neither did I," Scarlett replied, "until that ruling about parliamentary candidature they enforced on me." "Oh well, of course, that was an entirely different matter, you must admit," and so they went their respective ways.

The President, who had quite a reputation among the service clubs as a he-man, got down to business right away. He took Attaboy "into his confidence". In academic circles that means the same thing as being taken for a ride does to a gangster. He read the letter of Mr. Upanatem, M.L.A., with its hardly veiled threats. Attaboy was startled and shocked. "What do you expect me to do, sir?" "Expect you to do? My dear Attaboy, how can you ask such a question? Isn't it obvious to you as a man of education with some knowledge of the ways of the world? Mr. Upanatem is a very influential member of the legislature, and the university simply cannot afford to antagonize him. Our budget would suffer, and the great work of education" (here Fixer turned on his most sickly sweet platform manner) "could not go on in this community as it should."

Then Attaboy did a strange thing, a thing he had never done before. "Mr. President," he said, "what is the great work of education anyway?" Dr. Fixer was nearly tagged off base that time, but long years of repressive experience came to his aid. "Dr. Attaboy, we can discuss that at some more convenient season,—yes, at some more convenient season. Meantime, do I understand definitely that you are undertaking to withdraw from the provincial badminton competition in view of the unfavorable newspaper comment on your proposal to participate?" Poor Attaboy! he saw his championship hopes fading out, and it came hard. But sometimes even the caterpillar that has been

trampled on with a heavy foot will make one more last writhe. Attaboy almost shouted: "You understand no such thing!" and stalked out. He never quite knew how he got back to his office in an atmosphere that had all gone red, but he did remember pretty well in later days what he said after he got there. The lumberjack and the college professor are brothers under their skins.

The badminton tournament was set for March 15, with entries due by March 8. The Council of the Regents met on March 5, a very unusual time of meeting as the wiseacres observed. On March 6 Attaboy received in his morning mail the following:

"Dear Professor Attaboy,—At its meeting this morning, the Council of the Regents of the University of Pazoosa passed the following resolution, proposed by President Fixer:

"No member of the university staff may, as from date of this notice, enter himself in any athletic meet as an actual contestant in the same. He may assist in the coaching and training of any other candidate, he may root for any other contestant, he may criticize in any way he pleases the style and methods of any competitor, and he may express his views upon any athletic meet and the contestants therein in the public press, but he cannot become a competitor without resigning his position on the university staff."

"You will accept this as full notification of the action of the Regents, and govern yourself accordingly.

(Signed) "Z. SOUTH,  
"Secretary to the Council."

Attaboy read the short but convincing note, thought of Mary, Susy, and Johnny, and then read it again. "Well, I'll be damned!" he said; "I wonder if old Scarlett is in his office. I'm just a good enough sport to want him to enjoy this high-minded piece of academic prostitution along with me." He went over to the Liberal Arts building, and found him in; he gave him South's note to read. The older man read it, stood up, and put out his hand. "Attaboy, shake. Now you know how it feels like. They've got you and me forty ways, and for any old thing it suits their fancy to squeeze us for, they'll squeeze. Academic freedom,—academic hell! Same freedom as exists in Binks' boiler factory down on East Seventh, just the same!" Attaboy mused as he went away on the sources of Scarlett's faith and courage; he must get one of his socialist books "at some more convenient season." No, he took that back; he wasn't going to talk Fixer language; what he meant was "pretty damn soon."

And after all a kid called Putemover came from

somewhere out of the sticks, made his way to the final bracket, and laced hell out of young Upanatem in straight sets, 15-5, 15-4. Attaboy sent him a warm note of congratulation, as under the ruling of the Regents he was entitled to do.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform" sang the choir and congregation, including President Fixer, next Sunday morning, and for once Attaboy the paleobotanist found himself a warm believer. He smiled in all the serenity of a bland and childlike faith until Mary began to wonder what made him look so silly.

"Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs  
And works his sovereign will."

So sang the choir, the congregation, and Dr. Fixer. Yes, it was true! Smarter than President Fixer, smarter than the Chairman of the Council of the Regents! Good old God!

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## Slug in Woods

For eyes he waves greentipped  
taut horns of slime. They dipped,  
hours back, across a reef,  
a salmonberry leaf.  
Then strained to grope past fin  
of spruce. Now eyes suck in  
as through the hemlock butts  
of his day's ledge there cuts  
a vixen chipmunk. Stilled  
is he—green mucus chilled,  
or blotched and soapy stone,  
pinguid in moss, alone.  
Hours on, he will resume  
his silver scrawl, illumine  
his palimpsest, emboss  
his diver's line across  
that waving green illim-  
-itable seafloor. Slim  
young jay his sudden shark;  
the wrecks he skirts are dark  
and fungussed firlogs, whom  
spirea sprays emplume,  
encoral. Dew his shell;  
and mounting boles foretell  
of isles in dappled air,  
fathoms above his care.  
Azygous muted life,  
himself his viscid wife,  
foodward he noses cold beneath his sea.  
So spends a summer's jasper century.

E.B.



# Toward Social Security

## Another Aspect of the New Deal

Twenty-six million people, roughly one in every five of the population, registering in every post office to provide against the hazards of destitute old age was front page news in the United States just before the close of 1936. This is but one part of the United States Social Security Programme, one of the more permanent aspects of the New Deal. The programme is embodied in the Social Security Act, which under the following eight heads seeks to provide greater social security for the working people of the United States.

(1) The Old Age Assistance section of the Act provides for payments from the Federal Treasury to states having schemes of assistance for their needy aged conforming to certain standards as to qualification for receipt of aid, and as to administration. The minimum age must be 65. The maximum payment may be \$30.00 per month. (2) The Old Age benefit section provides for a federally administered scheme of Old Age Pensions for workers who have passed the age of 65, and have been able to comply with certain requirements as to earnings. Benefits range from \$10.00 to \$85.00 per month, depending upon previous earnings. This is one of the most far reaching provisions of the Act, and it is under this section that the much publicized registration has taken place. (3) The Unemployment Compensation section provides for the encouragement of state schemes by levying a Federal pay roll tax which is refunded in states having schemes approved by the Board. Provided required standards are met, the full cost of administration of any state scheme will be paid by the Federal treasury. Agricultural labour, domestic service, casual labour and certain maritime labour, as well as workers in the government services and non-profit making institutions are not included in the Old Age benefits and Unemployment Compensation plans.

Under two further sections the Federal treasury (4) will pay to any state one third of the total cost, including administration, of allowances up to a maximum of \$18.00 per month for dependent children in their own homes or the homes of close relatives (5) and half of the cost of pensions for the blind up to a maximum pension of \$30.00 per month, plus a share of the administration costs. State plans must again be approved by the Board. The three last sections of the Act provide for extension of services—maternal and child welfare, vocational rehabilitation, public health—through provision of additional funds to the states upon

certain conditions. (6) In the maternal and child welfare field the intention is to provide for complete service from before birth through adolescence for the promotion of healthy, normal living. (7) Vocational rehabilitation services, provided as an organic part of state educational programmes, are designed to restore their earning capacity to people who have lost it through physical disability. (8) Finally, under the Public Health Section, \$10,000,000.00 is to be appropriated annually for the United States Public Health Service for the development of public health work. Eight million dollars is for payment to the States to encourage the development of state services.

The Social Security Act thus marks a great step in advance in the administration of social aid in the United States. It recognizes social responsibility. It includes a variety of detailed provisions under one comprehensive plan. It recognizes local responsibility for administration and local initiative; with Federal responsibility for financial aid, promotion, research and education. Of course, the Act is far from perfect. It does not begin to provide a decent living under all circumstances for United States workers. It will in many instances be administered politically and administered badly. All this, however, only amounts to saying that the Act will function under a capitalist government in a capitalist economy. It is certain to achieve a very definite increase in the welfare and happiness of the people of the United States.

But Canada has missed all this. Why?

M.C.



## Another Month

Vancouver, which last summer imported London's Lord Mayor for \$8,500, this winter deports 600 workless to the east, presents others to B.C. farmers for \$5 a month, and confesses that its university co-eds spend an average of \$6.70 monthly on cosmetics.

Ex-Comrade Chiang Kai-Shek, who once exchanged photos with Stalin, later became Christian and slaughtered the Shanghai Commune, forgives his baby-snatcher General Chang, ex-dope addict, and is in turn forgiven . . . thousands of Chinese are reported killed in the incidental disturbances.

Five thousand Saskatchewan schoolteachers are being paid less than \$500 each yearly, when they get paid . . . \$600 is being devoted annually to maintaining each Canadian convict.

North American newspapers shudder with headlines when Tacoma rich man's son is tragically kidnapped and killed . . . American Red Cross head estimates half million killed in Spain, mainly non-combatants bombed or executed en-masse.

Toronto invests a million and a half in New Year's Eve hotcha . . . Toronto's John Tweedie goes on shooting pigeons in preference to relief, and a Toronto school-child is found weak from lack of food because his workless parents had not lived six months in town.

British war-cruisers backed by Labour Party surround Spain to prevent international fascists from killing anyone but Spaniards, foreigners and radicals . . . Canadian pleasure-cruisers report all bookings to West Indies filled.

In Kitchener (né Berlin) Ont., two churches are completed at cost of \$100,000, the unemployed now number 2,425, a man wobbles in a seat for 55 hours to break the world's rocking-chair championship, and a magistrate jails two homeless unemployed with the greeting "I wish you a merry Christmas, but not in this town".

Rand goldmining companies announce 26 per cent. dividends for British shareholders . . . 87 per cent of children in some London schools are found to have rickets.

"Recovery is not only on its way but it is definitely here," says Carson, general manager of Bank of Toronto. . . . Quebec relief-rolls expand, one in every six adult Canadians is unemployed, lumber workers are starved out of camp when they sit-down to get \$36 a month.

U.S. troops, tearbomb, shoot General Motors workers who organize for reforms which Sloan says would cost the company \$325,000 . . . last year's salaries of General Motors' president Sloan and vice-president Knudsen, total \$700,000, apart from dividends.

Premier King announces that communism can be stopped by creating prosperity . . . Ottawa barber, after fifty years of shaving and saving, dies broke . . . Bennett declares that increased population will solve Canada's problems . . . In London, Ont., a workless youth kills himself because he can't afford to marry.

Christmas gifts include an ivory-framed portrait of George V. and Mary (from Mamma to son Edward), a consignment of German gas masks on credit (from a Hungarian burgomaster to his staff), fourteen billion dollars worth of armaments (from the world to the world).

Albertan farmer's three children found starving with-

out blankets, with pneumonia . . . Toronto store reports great Christmas demand for \$120 nightgowns.

Caretaker for Diego Rivera, world's foremost communist mural painter, is beaten up by Stalinites because Diego gives shelter to foremost communist thinker and Red Army founder, Leon Trotsky.

An Orillia alderman announces that Jews should not hold public offices in Ontario, while last year's King Emperor, unwarned, is reported to be preparing a book in defence of them . . . This year's King-Emperor learns that 60,000 congressional representatives of British Indians have unanimously agreed to boycott his coronation.

RUFUS.

## Suffer Little Children

"More than seventy school-children were killed in the rebel raid on Getafe this afternoon. Most of them were blown to bits . . . A woman was carrying a little girl hardly over two years old, who had the lower half of her face blown off. She was still alive." (Account of an eyewitness as reported in The Manchester Guardian, October 31, 1936.)

"Forces opposing communism in Spain had had to fight, but they had not tortured innocent women and children; they but served God and thanked Him for their victory." (Bishop J. T. McNally as reported in The Hamilton Spectator, December 9, 1936.)

Father of Mercies, through Thy power divine  
We have destroyed our enemies and Thine.  
Upheld and guided by Thy holy care  
Swift ministers of vengeance from the air,  
Who at Thy bidding speed and serve with mirth,  
Blasted the brood of Satan upon earth.  
Non nobis Domine but unto Thee  
Be glory, honour, praise eternally!

G. C. HADDOW

## D Minor

The Fugue is  
Quite good and  
Proportionately erect  
Architecturally correct  
Horizontal tying strings of emotions  
The notes lumber after each other and fade  
When their spirits return below  
And cross each other  
But of course the tying is not broken  
Until it ends correct and powerful  
In a major sweep that  
surprises and . . . disappoints  
Like salt in ice-cream.

S. FULLER.

The Canadian Forum

# Facts, Figures and Finance

## Business in 1936

By no means all the figures have yet come in, but enough are available to show that recovery during the last year, though still uneven, was considerable. Physical volume of business in November stood at 120 (110 in 1935, 1926-100). The 1929 average was 125.5. The Bureau of Statistics' weekly economic index averaged 10.6 above 1935. Wholesale prices, stimulated by armament demand and short crops, are rising markedly. Bank clearings for the year were about 14 per cent. above 1935, while carloadings were up 5.4 per cent., with all categories except pulpwood and general forest products showing increases. Loadings of livestock increased 18.6 per cent., pulp and paper 15, ore 14, lumber 12.6, coal 10.5, grain 7.6, miscellaneous 4. Combined railway gross revenues were up 8 per cent. Newsprint production was about 3,200,000 tons, an all-time record which kept mills operating at 85 per cent. of capacity. Increasing demand and slightly better prices hold prospects of some improvement in the industry's financial position. Electric power production was probably over 25 billion kilowatt hours, some 9 per cent. higher than in 1935. It seems likely that construction has had the best year since 1931. Agricultural production at \$594,000,000 (\$509,000,000 in 1935) was higher than for any year since 1930.

## Employment

Employment on December 1 was about 5.2 per cent. above December, 1935. "This means," says the Financial Post, "about 100,000 more people employed by firms reporting to Ottawa . . . an increase of between 275,000 and 300,000 . . . to the entire working force of Canada." This is perhaps a trifle generous. But even if it is correct, it is doubtful whether such an increase is more than large enough to absorb the annual increase in the employable population. The figures for unemployment, noticed in our editorials, present a very different picture. Logging employment was up 45 per cent. from December, 1935, and almost 200 per cent. from 1926. The mining employment index is over 150 (1926-100), metal mining over 280, or 15 per cent. above December, 1935. Wholesale and retail trade employment, 1936, is at the highest December figure on record, 4 per cent. above the high point of 1935. Employment in construction was 16 per cent. down.

## Mining

For most mineral products 1936 was a record year. The following table shows quantities of the

chief minerals produced in 1936 and 1929:

	1936	1929
Gold (fine ounces) .....	3,720,505	1,928,308
Silver (fine ounces) .....	18,089,000	23,143,261
Nickel (pounds) .....	167,713,000	110,275,912
Copper (pounds) .....	414,137,000	248,120,760
Lead (pounds) .....	377,965,000	326,522,566
Zinc (pounds) .....	326,916,000	197,267,087
Asbestos (tons) .....	307,596	306,055
Coal (tons) .....	15,051,929	17,496,557

Copper was slightly below 1935 in quantity, but higher in value. Coal production was the largest since 1929, and showed a very marked advance from the depression low. Total value of mineral products was \$360,340,000, which compares with \$310,850,000 in 1929.

## Foreign Trade

According to the Royal Bank's January letter, the volume, though not the value, of our foreign trade in 1936 was back to the 1929 level. In view of the low levels of world foreign trade and Canadian agricultural exports, the Bank not unnaturally considers this a "remarkable achievement". "In general", says the letter, "the prices of export commodities are still low in relation to the prices of imports." In other words, our purchasing power in world markets is low; the "barter terms of trade" have moved against us during the depression. But the rise in prices of wheat and raw materials is beginning to improve our position in this respect. Agricultural and vegetable products, which made up 46.6 per cent. of our exports in 1929, accounted for only 32.5 per cent in 1936; non-ferrous metals and their products rose from 8.3 to 22.2 per cent. of the total. Otherwise the relative shares of the various commodity groups were about the same. The chief question which the next few years will answer is whether the decline in our agricultural exports is temporary or relatively permanent.

## Dividends

The Nesbitt Thomson dividend index for December was 117 (December 1935, 100.1). The December figure shows an 87 per cent. recovery from the depression low (August 1933). As the base for the Nesbitt Thomson index almost certainly includes C.P.R. dividends, the current figures, when compared with those of 1926-1929, perhaps hardly give an adequate idea of the recovery that has taken place in dividends generally.

Gold mining dividends in 1936 (excluding \$6,719,316 from Noranda), were over \$37,000,000, as against less than \$11,000,000 (excluding \$1,679,829 from Noranda) in 1929. Other metal mining dividends were about \$33,500,000 in 1936 and \$23,600,000 in 1929.

E.A.F.



## THIS MONTH'S COMPETITION

### REPORT ON CONTEST NO. 1

The geographical subjects were most favored in this competition, Social Credit finishing a bad last. The versification was generally correct, but frequently lacked the balance and point, the sudden twist, that isolated couplets demand. Some of the contestants forgot that satiric verse demands a touch of wit; mere spleen is not sufficient.

"Penguin" deserves special commendation for his couplet on Montreal:

Mount Royal is, in Montreal, the highest thing  
we meet,  
But higher still ascends the stench of good  
St. James, his street.

W. B. Herbert touches off Victoria:

Victoria is Canadian—in a partial sort of sense.  
They still refrain from using shillings, pounds  
and pence.

Esther Bull disposes of Toronto:

Toronto's hearts thump loyally in tune,  
Cold as her March, and muggy as her June.

The prize is awarded to Roy Daniells, for the most neatly expressed and best sustained set of three couplets:

Though frantic westerners would ferry over  
VICTORIA'S isle and anchor it at Dover.

And though in thanks for French and fascist  
sway

Half MONTREAL would thunder in Beaupré.

Yet good TORONTO bids them both agree

As Heaven's great bird bid Tweedle-dum  
and-dee.

### CONTEST NO. 2

A Toronto newspaper reports that King George is being urged to grow a beard, in order to increase the resemblance to his father. A prize of a Packard Lektro-Shaver or \$5.00 in cash is offered for the best letter from Bernard Shaw to Leon Trotsky mentioning this report and discussing the wearing of beards. It should of course be brief enough to go on a postcard; not more than, say 200 words.

The rules are:

1. Address Monthly Contest Editor, Canadian Forum, 28 Wellington St. W., Toronto.
2. No mss. are returned and any may be printed in part or in whole, whether awarded a prize or not.
3. Members of The Canadian Forum Board are not eligible to compete.
4. The decision of the Contest Editor is final; he

need not award a prize if he considers no entry is worthy of award.

5. Entries must reach the Contest Editor by the 14th of each month.

## O CANADA!

(\$1.00 will be paid for the press clipping heading this column)

\* \* \*

He told me that at one time during the four years of his unemployment he was that depressed . . . that on more than once occasion he fought against a strong desire to commit suicide or join the radical elements—(letter in the Toronto Star).

\* \* \*

A suggestion has been raised in Dersingham village, adjoining Sandringham that a bomb-proof shelter should be erected as a memorial of the King's coronation—(Montreal Gazette).

\* \* \*

Indignant members of a woman's association were so horrified over a Venus de Milo in the University of Manitoba's Students Union that they forced the authorities to drape the beautiful statue with a wrap of cheese-cloth—(Toronto Mail and Globe).

\* \* \*

Mussolini as Peace-Maker. If the Spanish conflagration is now stopped at the Spanish borders, a great share of the credit must go to Benito Mussolini.

\* \* \*

We should always carefully remember that the breach was made on our side. It was not Italy that left us but we drove her out of the company of well-behaved nations—(editorials in the Montreal Star).

\* \* \*

A letter from the radio inspector stated that an investigation into alleged radio interference in the city would be investigated—(from report of meeting of Drumheller City Council in Morning Albertan).

\* \* \*

Labor is admittedly the strongest and best organized group in the economic battle . . . The preferred position which labour has gained for itself is today being paid for in terms of unemployment. Labour has not played the game during the depression—(C. W. Peterson, Editor Farm and Ranch Review, Calgary, in Financial Post).

\* \* \*

London Finance can make Ethiopia blossom more quickly than even Italian blood, bayonets or poison gas—(editorial Montreal Star).

\* \* \*

"Why some of the finest things in history have been done by women who never married," he said. Forthwith he proceeded to name "ten great old maids" as follows: Florence Nightingale . . . Sarah Bernhardt . . . Queen Elizabeth . . . Miriam, sister of Moses—(The Rev. Clinton C. Cox as reported in the Mail and Globe).

\* \* \*

Recommendation that "excessive corporal punishment if practised" at the Indian School at Lejac, B.C., "should be limited," was written today into the findings of a Coroner's jury which investigated the deaths of four Indian boys during a trek from the school to the Nautley Reservation—(Toronto Globe and Mail).

\* \* \*

This Month's Prize of \$1.00 is awarded to  
Miss E. Bull.

# BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## Drifted Words

THE GEOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA  
OR THE RELATION OF HUMAN NATURE TO  
THE HUMAN MIND: Gertrude Stein; Macmillan;  
pp. 207; \$3.00.

"Human Nature clings to identity, its insistence on itself as personality, and to do this it must employ memory and the sense of an audience. By memory it is reassured of its existence . . . The Human Mind, however, has no identity; every moment 'it knows what it knows when it knows it' . . . It knows and it writes . . .

Flat lands are an invitation to wander, as well as a release from local assertion. Consequently a country like the United States . . . promises to produce a civilization in which the Human Mind may not only appear in the occasional masterpiece, but may in many of its aspects be distributed throughout the people."

Introduction by THORNTON WILDER.

Lift up the Stein, 'tis brimming full,  
And take a deep and hearty pull,  
For here's to capture if we can  
America and Art and Man,  
To see where beady bubbles spin  
All Human Nature bounded in  
And on this flowing foam to find  
Reflected full the Human Mind.  
Then drink with Thornton for he knows  
The liquefaction of her prose  
And why so garbed our Gertrude goes.  
Thank Heaven for him for he infers  
Some pattern in this game of hers.

Look in the Stein, its secret solve,  
And when it turns yourself revolve,  
For far within that amber storm  
Repeat themselves the arts of form.  
Our wit is fair, our phrases flow,  
And what we know we know we know.  
My sight is clear is clear is clear  
For chapter two does twice appear  
And over it like birds in heaven  
Two chapters five with chapter seven.  
Here repetitions in rebound  
Go round and round round round and round.  
O this is this is bliss is bliss  
This is the way to write is this.

Fill full the Stein. To stand and think  
Avails not here. Sit down and drink.  
This endless and inebriate song  
Sweeps wisdom on its crest along.  
Half vegetable, half divine,

For ever shouting as they shine,  
Her drifted words. Set down the Stein.  
Too long perhaps our prose we pass  
Like wine discreetly in its glass.  
And here's a tang without a doubt  
That makes her draught worth drinking out.  
For hops do more than Hopkins can  
To justify what will not scan  
Or prose of apoplectic plan.

ROY DANIELLS.

## Dead South

ABSALOM, ABSALOM!: William Faulkner;

Random House-Macmillan's; pp. 384; \$2.50.

FOR THE FIRST two hundred panting pages, you may think most of the reviewers are right and this is Faulkner's worst novel since *Mosquitoes*. But if you have once quickened to those savage tragedies which spurt from the clouds of *The Sound And The Fury* you will push on to perhaps an even greater reward in *Absalom, Absalom!*

The story is told and endlessly retold through a series of overlapping episodes, themselves filtering retrospectively through the minds of several strangely assorted survivors and listeners at various times, and in by no means chronological order. In addition, Faulkner's prose is now so breathless and involuted and sonorous and unpredictable that the total effect is something like Thomas Wolfe gone Conrad. One may suspect that if Faulkner were among the first rank of American artists he would be more sensitive to the horrors of the living as well as of the dead South, and that his elaborately individualistic technique suggests that he has little to say to humanity in general, else he would not risk saying it so darkly. It is possible too that if Faulkner were to tell his stories simply the essential insignificance of the characters he creates would be unmasked.

Nevertheless, despite the usual lugubrious army of idiot half-castes, sub-normal poor-whites, suicidal intellectuals, and plain normal murderers, the final effect of *Absalom, Absalom!* is one of simple and moving tragedy. Perhaps this is chiefly because Sutpen, the central character, is a great conception, a man who we are told on page three came to the Mississippi "out of nowhere . . . with a band of strange niggers and built a plantation (Tore vio-

lently a plantation, Miss Rosa Coldfield says) . . . And married her sister Ellen and begot a son and a daughter which (Without gentleness begot) . . . should have been the jewels of his pride and the shield and comfort of his old age, only—(Only they destroyed him or something or he destroyed them or something. And died)—and died. Without regret, Miss Rosa Coldfield says (Save by her) Yes, save by her . . ."

This, like most of the clarifications which the author supplies, will not help you much until you have read the book and then gone back and sorted them out. Then you will find that Sutpen is a remarkable symbol of animal ruthlessness conceived on a grand scale. His life is a series of savage struggles against his own obscurity of birth, involuntary miscegnation, and the rotting environment of 19th century Mississippi. Casting aside his first wife when he finds she has black blood, his indomitable resolution to found a Sutpen mansion and dynasty drives him forward to win for his second wife an authentic but decayed white aristocrat of the swamps. She becomes paranoid and dies after bearing him Henry and Judith. With the inevitability of Greek drama we watch Charles Bon, the son of his first wife, unwittingly seek marriage with Judith, his half-sister. To prevent the union Henry murders Charles and spends the rest of his life in lonely hiding. His frustrated sister dies childless. Another barren daughter, Clytie, whom Sutpen begot from a negro slave, lingers on. In old age, still possessed as a demon with the urge to perpetuate his own aspiring heart, Sutpen descends to the child daughter of his despised poor-white retainer, Wash Jones. When this child bears him a daughter and not a son he insults her so coarsely that Wash kills daughter, baby, Sutpen and self. Later the grotesque manor which Sutpen had so strenuously built in the swamps is destroyed by fire together with the dim fugitive Henry and the childless Clytie. Sutpen's hot blood lingers on only in the veins of a black idiot grandson Charles Bon; his howls can still be heard at night around the gutted chimneys and ashes of Sutpen's mansion.

Some incidents of the book, as the death of Sutpen, have already appeared in the form of short stories. They are now skillfully bound together in the whole bloody saga by a narrator Quentin Compson who, by the way, has already committed suicide in the *Sound and the Fury* because of similar difficulties in his own family (his brother is the famed idiot Benjie). In case this should confuse you Faulkner has inserted a map of his Mississippi crimeland at the end of this latest chronicle so that you can keep the various public enemies separate.

EARLE BIRNEY.

## Ivory Tower Economics

ECONOMISTS AND THE PUBLIC: W. H. Hutt; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 377; \$4.50.

THE EMPIRE STATE building is the second tallest in the modern world. The tallest is the Ivory Tower, and Professor Hutt dwells in the penthouse. From his lofty perch he coldly, scientifically and logically surveys the world beneath him, and likes it not. In fact he disapproves of it, though he hastens to assure his reader that his disapproval is entirely of a scholarly nature.

His treatise is a painstaking, involved, detailed and hair-splitting defence of classical economics. Fascism and Communism are brutal, futile and even indecent. They have appeared partly because many scientists, philosophers and, alas, economists escaped one dark night from the basement of the Tower and went to play in the alley of reality. There, by sundry blasphemous companions, they were taught to hurl anathema and books at the Great God Competition. The soul of that Great Omniscient Being was confused with His methods, goals and results. Confusion worse confounded bred the economic heresy that abounds today. As prophet of the Latter Day Classicists, Professor Hutt preaches a crusade against the infidels, and from his exalted position, bestows his blessing upon the faithful who gird themselves and go forth to wrest the Holy Land of Classical Economics from the sullied hands of the unbeliever.

Keynes, Knight, Hobson and other economists have failed to understand the issues involved in contemporary economic problems and have been unscientific in their approach to a solution. Interlopers such as Bertrand Russell, Leonard Woolf, Robert Briffault, Walter Lippmann, and Harold Laski have done no better and show by their writings "that one and all they are either ignorant, or contemptuous, or impatient of the economists' contribution". The low estimation in which the economist is held by the general public pains Professor Hutt and he thinks something should be done about it. But the reviewer shudders as he realizes the probable reaction of a harassed public to this very work. Nevertheless, Professor Hutt at least concludes on a realistic note: he modestly admits that recognition of certain of his implications "must wait for a more enlightened age" and that "the scheme envisaged" by him is utopian in nature.

In a world of economic darkness, Professor Hutt's candle flickers uncertainly.

LORNE T. MORGAN.

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## International Waterway

THE ST. LAWRENCE DEEP WATERWAY: A Canadian Appraisal: C. P. Wright; Macmillan; pp. xvii, 415; \$2.50.

ON December 5, 1936, the Prime Minister discussed the prospects of the St. Lawrence Deep Waterway with a delegation of officials from the United States. Thus began a new chapter in the long history of negotiations over the project, as to which Mr. C. P. Wright's book provides a useful background, bringing together a mass of valuable reference material, a survey of sources, and some helpful maps and diagrams.

The author states in the preface that his chief purpose in writing the book has been to present "a plea for a full and impartial consideration of the undertaking", especially in its economic aspects which he holds have been neglected, in contrast to the very thoroughly considered engineering aspects. In support of this contention he devotes two-thirds of the volume to a detailed and highly critical narrative of the process of "Making the Treaty". He traces the various commissions, boards and committees concerned, the activities of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tide Water Association, the constitutional controversies over provincial and dominion rights, the growing importance of the hydro-electric power possibilities of the river, the history of the Beauharnois project, and, finally, the negotiation of the Treaty of 1932 and its fate at the hands of the United States Senate in 1934.

Part II and III are concerned with the two 'vital and fundamental questions—what benefits will these projected works effect? Will these immense expenditures really pay?' Towards an answer they contribute a minute discussion of the appropriate depth of the waterway; a detailed review of estimates of prospective savings through reduction in transportation costs; studies of the traffic capacity of the existing St. Lawrence canals and of the competition of the Hudson River route; and an analysis of the prospective costs, and of the character and weaknesses of the financial settlements made in the Treaty. Brief references to the more general problems of the grain trade and changes in transportation routes, are lost in the mass of technicalities.

In the concluding chapter, Mr. Wright contends that the Treaty should make provision for future deepening of the channel. He holds that the conflict of political and economic considerations has led to the acceptance of financial provisions that penalize Canada and proposes that tolls should be levied to meet this difficulty; further that a permanent international authority should be established to control the operation of the waterway in accordance with definite technical regulations. In the preface he suggests that a free port zone should be established at the foot of the Welland Canal. He urges that the 'fundamental' problem of depth should be reconsidered on the basis of estimates for each alternative depth, to be prepared by engineers, economists, and geographers, of the cost of construction and of the capitalized value of the expected gains. Technical estimates of this type undoubtedly have their uses despite disagreements among the experts, but it is highly doubtful whether the ultimate decision as to whether the project is to be undertaken can be made more sensibly as a result of the multiplication of calculations even by a 'public commission especially constituted for the task'. The 'failure to anticipate the requirements of the future that has been' according to Mr. Wright, 'a characteristic error in the

planning of many of Canada's navigation works in the past' is surely a familiar feature of any long run project in a changing world.

Precise computations if unduly stressed, may be dangerous in that they give a false air of certainty to a problem whose essence is uncertainty of returns from vast irrevocable expenditures, a problem which in the last analysis can only be resolved upon the much more general grounds of the basic political and economic necessities of the Canadian economy.

IRENE BISS.

## Practical Communism

SOVIET MONEY AND FINANCE: L. E. Hubbard; MacMillan; pp. 339; \$3.75.

AS THIS BOOK IS "the first fully detailed and scientific account of Soviet Finance that has appeared" to quote the publishers, it is very difficult if not impossible to judge the book in relation to what has already been published. However, this book represents a great advance on the various brochures and pamphlets on the subject besides being as up to date as it is possible to be. I for one would be very grateful to the author if he published a yearly appendix to this book. It is regrettable that various items of information are rarely accompanied by a footnote denoting the source. The author, whose family ran an exporting business in St. Petersburg, seems well qualified to make this valuable study of the financial system of the U.S.S.R.

The cliché "the Russian experiment" is forced upon one to describe this financial history. By the painful but efficacious method of trial and error and hampered by the necessity to build up an adequate defence against aggression, the Soviet system has gradually been established on a sound workable footing. This book should be read and studied by three widely divergent types; the uncompromising businessman who can only regard Russia as a slovenly, inefficient, impracticable horror; the intolerant communist (non-Russian) who believes in the infallibility of Stalin and his administrators and lastly all those who hope some day to take part in the running of a socialist state.

Mr. Hubbard is on safer ground when being strictly factual, though his descriptive passages of the inner workings are difficult to read and often badly written. His comparisons are not always felicitous and many of his conclusions are obviously controversial. This criticism must not be allowed to detract from the essential value of the book which fills a much wanted gap in our knowledge of the U.S.S.R. In particular the book is worth reading for the complete proof and clear exposition of the significant features of Soviet planning and finance which are best illustrated by quotation. "To-day it is merely fatuous to try and symbolize the value of the paper rouble in terms of other currency." This quotation should be placed in large red letters above the desk of everyone who writes a book, pamphlet or article on the U.S.S.R. Secondly, "doctrinaire theory has never been allowed to interfere with the economic plan when it conflicted with expediency". All professors, trotskyites and intellectuals please copy.

The workability of the Russian state as shown in this book is enforced by the tone of the author which certainly dispels the charge of "Moscow gold" and by the publishers who are not among the left group in their trade.

MARK FARRELL.

## Massive Bias

**SOCIALISM:** Ludwig Von Mises; Cape-Nelsons; pp. 528 \$5.50.

**T**HE bias of this massive work is sufficiently summarized in its preface. "Marxism is thus the most radical of all reactions against the reign of scientific thought over life and action established by Rationalism. It is against Logic, against Science, and against the activity of thought itself . . . 'Marxism is indeed opium for those who might take to thinking.'" However, the analysis of socialist theory that follows and fills over five hundred pages is more searching and detached than such polemic would lead the reader to expect. The author's subject is necessarily limited to that body of socialist doctrine which existed in Europe by the end of the war, for the book was first published in 1922. Hence it is essentially an attack on the socialist idea as such. Against all Marxist theory the author directs one main criticism: it refuses to face the challenge to delineate the economic relationships of an actual socialist state. He accuses it in fact of deliberately avoiding the challenge and because in his view the challenge cannot be met; he maintains that a socialist economy is unworkable because an authoritarian system of so-called planned production is a contradiction in terms; it provides no free market by which consumer demand can through the price mechanism direct production and enforce progress; as a corollary to this, the author sees in the competitive use of private property to meet consumer demand the only method of finding out what the demand is, or of responding to it. Capitalism therefore is to him the source not only of past but of future progress. This defence of liberal economic theory is the book's central doctrine, but the author's learning covers much else besides economics. The account of sex, family, and feminine emancipation is terse and penetrating, except when he attempts to overthrow Marx with Freud. Somewhat unexpectedly the book contains an excellent summary of the origins of Christianity and the narrow limits of its early social teaching.

And yet his is a most disastrous book. It is totally unaware of the Russian experiment in state planning. In fact it is already out of date enough to be a historical curiosity, an exercise in barren polemics. It was open to the author to condemn theoretic Marxism in 1922 for its total failure to show us how to plan efficient production. But to show that this aim would be incompatible with social ownership he would have to examine the Russian state socialist economy of 1937 and show it to be an illusion. The description in the Webbs' book of Soviet cost accounting and the arduous process by which the national plan is calculated only after all units have sent in reports is the answer to Von Mises. His next book faces the formidable task of proving either that the Russian planned economy is not socialism or that it does not exist.

E. A. HAVELOCK.

## Science For All

**MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION:** A Popular Self-Educator: Lancelot Hogben; illustrations by J. F. Horrabin; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 647; \$3.75.

**I**T is refreshing to read Professor Hogben's book, because nearly every one has at some time been made to despair of ever grasping even the elements of mathematics, and here is a chance for every one to learn them, without any of the headaches caused by prevailing methods of teaching.

The History of Mathematics is an exciting chapter in the world's history, and the thread of its runs throughout this book. The 'magic' of the Egyptian priests was really their grasp of certain principles of measurement based on the right-angled triangle; but they did not want to spread the secrets of their craft, while the slaves, who carried out their orders, had no means of writing. Knowledge was denied to the subject classes, and much waste of valuable material in ancient times can be contributed to the class basis of society.

In a later age the Greeks developed their knowledge of the language of size—for mathematics is the language of size, just as ordinary language is the language of sorts—to a point further than the Egyptians. But at a critical moment, when knowledge might have spread to the widest social group, Plato's exaltation of mathematics as an august ritual, removed it from practical use, to a mere mumbo-jumbo, practiced by secret societies, who had little knowledge of their own rites.

The Greeks declined, and the centre of learning shifted to Alexandria, where it flourished until a critical moment was again reached, and knowledge was buried in a thousand years of monkish obscurity. Then the reformation opened the Book. Only the monks had been able to read their holy works, but the texts were published, read, and criticized, and the priestly power was broken. That is why a knowledge of Greek and Latin is still so highly valued in Western education, for it was the weapon used in the fight for intellectual freedom for the masses.

However, the Story of Mathematics is only the background for Professor Hogben's book. Woven into the fabric is the social derivation of each mathematical theory; and insensibly the reader can learn them too. The propositions of Euclid come to life, and Spherical Trigonometry becomes a battle which we fight over again with the early geographers and mariners, as they strove to find the means of charting unknown seas. Every new mathematical theory had its root in the need of working men to find a way of doing things better than before.

Today knowledge stands on another threshold. The lives and happiness of people depend more than most realises upon the correct interpretation of a mass of government statistics. Every one must learn to interpret the mode, the mean, and other statistical terms. Every one must understand them, for no society is safe in the hands of its clever people, and, for protection, knowledge must be available to all.

The Calculus, Series, Vector Analysis, the part played by Descartes—Professor Hogben weaves them all into a tale which every one can understand and like. The book is full of clear homely examples. They are designed to enable the reader to understand the theorems in the text, not to catch him out. J. F. Horrabin's illustrations are witty and to the point. Only a fuller bibliography is needed to make this book the perfect way to mathematical knowledge.

J. F. CLOSE.

**YOU AND THE UNIVERSE:** Paul Karlson; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 35; \$3.75.

**T**HE PHYSICIST of today has one almost indispensable tool: mathematics. To deprive him of this is to deprive a carpenter of his hammer. It is a means of correlating experiments, testing results and predicting those of future experiments. But in presenting physics to the general public, one must not perplex them by puzzling mathematical symbols. An author must then describe complicated phenomena while deprived of his greatest aid.

And he must do so with sufficient accuracy not to offend the scientists.

Paul Karlson, in writing *You And The Universe*, has surmounted these difficulties with surprising success. He gives a simple and accurate account of the processes of physics; by means of such delightful artifices as fireside chats between friends he creates a cheerful and informal atmosphere; clever examples and touches of humour remove the prejudice usually associated with a highly technical subject.

Although divided into six sections, the book really falls into two parts. The first supplies a long desired need in discussing the more classical and wider field of physical science. Here the author develops the atomic theory of matter, its part in chemistry and the direction in which physical processes tend to go. After pointing out that the total current of a thunderstorm is the same as that of an ordinary battery, he tells of the working of radios and broadcasting. From discussions of light and its behaviour he shows why blue skies and coloured sunsets are to be expected. All this is extremely interesting because it shows the relation of physics to the ordinary phenomena of our lives.

The second half covers the theories of relativity, quanta, indeterminacy and the atomic nucleus. These abstruse theories are stripped of their terror and shown to be logical conclusions of thought. But so many books have been written on these subjects that, in spite of their glamour, the exposition is less fresh.

Mr. Karlson has shown, especially in the first half of his book, that the common objectives of science can be presented without monotony—as a clear indication to the general reader of what scientists do and think, written in an entertaining manner, his book deserves success.

A. H. WOODCOCK.

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS: Sir James Jeans, Sir William Bragg, E. V. Appleton, E. Mellanby, J. B. S. Haldane, Julian Huxley; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 210; \$2.50.

THIS IS a readable exposition of the orderly march of science along such fields as physics, chemistry, medicine (mostly physiology), and genetics. Each author is an expert in his field. Although it is a truism that Knowledge is eloquence, the literary qualities of the articles by Haldane and Huxley are of a high order apart from the inherent interest of the subject matter.

Questions of right and wrong in human behaviour are irrelevant to scientific investigation, and the theological implications of scientific data afford little comfort to devout people who seek in them for confirmation regarding their views of the universe. These are lectures sponsored by a trust of which the object is to investigate the application of Christian ideals in social life, which perhaps explains why one-third of the book is concerned with "Human Genetics and Human Ideals," (Haldane) and by "Science and its Relation to Social Needs" (Huxley). The eugenic sterilization of the victims of the lobster claw, to mention an example where this would be advisable, is a procedure that is scientifically sound but at variance with Christian ethics. It is easy to deduce from the writings of Haldane and Huxley that there is a richness to the culture of science that is comparable to the intensest emotional appeal of the arts and the classics. For culture, in words that are not those of Matthew Arnold is a studied way of regarding our environment and the units that comprise society; and to view life through the spectacles of a scientist yields a reason-

able prospect of reality which may have much of artistic and religious value.

The book is well worth reading and owning.

J. MARKOWITZ.

## Boswelliana

BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON LTD.; edited by Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett; Macmillan; pp. 435; \$5.50.

"MORE BOSWELL", has been the cry for years now; seems that even the most insatiable appetite might be satisfied by the quantities of new Boswelliana that have been or are about to be poured out. Ever since 1928, the Malahide manuscripts have been appearing in a limited edition. Then, just as the flow was dwindling, there turned up the original MS of the *Tour of the Hebrides*, to be printed first in rather sumptuous style and now in this excellent more popular form.

The precious note-books, found practically undamaged in a croquet-box at Malahide Castle, have been admirably edited by the scholars to whom they were entrusted. Here we have, for the first time, not what Boswell and Malone thought fit to set before the public, but the Journal as Boswell actually wrote it down and as he read it to Dr. Johnson. The differences between the two texts, though never very extensive, are often significant. What Boswell originally produced was much more a record of himself and his ideas than he was willing to have appear; the work of revision was largely devoted to cutting down such autobiographical material, so as to bring out more clearly the dominating figure of Dr. Johnson. The little weaknesses, with which all lovers of Boswell are familiar, could not be allowed to fill too many paragraphs. There was, for instance, the anecdote showing his morbid curiosity in examining a criminal's corpse hanging in chains; this did not survive in the printed book. Other passages omitted are one on his "liking for Jacobinism" (p. 163) and on his love for strong liquors (p. 240).

Many pungently-worded references to living persons and the entertainment they offered their visitors had to be dropped or watered down. The account of Elgin in the printed tour has "we fared but ill at our inn here", where Boswell wrote, "Baillie Leslie, at whose house we put up, gave us good fish, but beef collops and mutton chops which absolutely could not be eaten." Even so, not all the storms could be averted. Sir Alexander Macdonald objected so strenuously to the much-tempered account of him and his lady that the affair nearly resulted in a duel between him and Boswell.

An interesting revelation of the MS is the prominent part played in its preparation by Malone. Particularly in the second half of the book, where the problem of space presented itself, his hand can be seen repeatedly; Boswell seems to have been ready enough to abide by his advice, but the details which he rejected will be eagerly snapped up by those who can never have too much of Boswell and his ways.

The edition has been supplied with a short introduction and accurate, though rather sparse, notes. Surely it is a mistake, though, to say (p. 342) that the authorship of the Turkish Spy remains unknown!

A. S. NOAD.

NATURAL RELIGION underlies them all—Bulletin 10c—Circulars Free—The Canadian Mailers (4) Walkerton, Ont.



## Age of Transition

THE GLITTERING CENTURY: Phillips Russell; Charles Scribner's Sons; pp. 326; \$3.50.

**M**R. PHILLIPS has produced a lively and interesting volume on a lively and interesting period. The eighteenth century, so many-sided in its aspects, has an almost unique claim on the attention of all who are interested in the growth of those forces which went to the making of our modern world. The economic and intellectual forces especially begin in that period to take coherent form; their political effects are beginning to be apparent; and the lines are being drawn for the conflicts which have ever since been at the heart of our political and social problems.

The present book is not a chronological survey of the history of the century. In form it is rather a series of character sketches of the chief figures of the period. It was a period rich in characters—kings and philosophers, charlatans and merchant princes, scientists and empire-builders and reformers constantly rub shoulders—not without a good deal of mutual irritation. From Peter the Great to Rousseau, from Benjamin Franklin to Bonaparte, the age is rich in personality.

But behind this succession of portraits is a lively sense of the significance of those movements which make the century pre-eminently an age of transition. It is an era which sees the zenith and the failure of absolute monarchy. It sees a swelling tide of mercantile imperialism and the rise of the machine technique which was to revolutionize the world. It sees an intellectual assault on both monarchy and mercantilism that is to deal such telling blows at both institutions. And in France and England especially the economic changes bring into prominence a middle class that is to be the dominant political power of the age which follows.

Mr. Phillips presents this varied panorama in a vivid style and with a real talent for selecting the essentials of his subject. In spite of the claim of his publishers that "unlike the historian he has delved into unusual sources," there is little that is new in either his material or his interpretation. But his enthusiasm for his subject gives a pleasing freshness to his presentation, and the reader who enjoys an entertaining picture of a fascinating period will find it in these pages.

EDGAR McINNIS

## Submarine Warfare

FROM U-BOAT TO PULPIT: Martin Niemöller. Translated by Commander D. Hastie Smith. William Hodge and Co.; pp. 217; \$2.25.

**T**HE AUTHOR of this book is prominent among the leaders of the opposition in the German Protestant Churches to the oppressive policy of the Nazi Government. We look with eager expectation for some exposition of Herr Niemöller's religious views, or at least for some of his reasons for objecting to the 'Gleichschaltung' of Christianity in Germany. Unfortunately the book ends with the writer's ordination nearly ten years before the arrival of Hitler in power. The story of his share in the U-Boat war would command whole-hearted admiration in Nazi circles, and the transition 'from U-Boat to pulpit' is treated so sketchily that nothing solid in the shape of a 'Weltanschauung' emerges.

This is not the first account of submarine warfare by a participant. Three years ago Commander Hashagen gave us a full description of similar experiences. The

chief difference between the two books is that Herr Niemöller, though a not less formidable fighter, appears somewhat less single-minded in his ruthlessness than his predecessor. He records some truly remarkable escapes from death. On one occasion the superstructure of his ship was severely battered by gunfire, and on another he had the terrible experience of seeing a hostile torpedo making straight for him at high speed, only to crash harmlessly amidships. It was a dud!

After the collapse of the German armed forces, the naval officer tried to turn himself into a farmer. His few months on the land yield some of the best pages in the book. "Vague thoughts" on the Word began to take shape in his mind, and "when I had occasion to be with Mr. Wiellgmann during a Monday afternoon spent in the pigsty, waiting for a sow to farrow, I confessed to him that I was faced with another turning in my life and would have to ask him to release me from his service as soon as the potato crop had been got in." His theological studies did not prevent him from taking an enthusiastic part in the abortive Kapp rebellion of 1920, when the defenders of the Republic were shot down by the hundred in the Ruhr Valley. Putting the pieces of his narrative together, we can feel little doubt that Herr Niemöller is the most robust of Nationalists, with a whole-hearted belief in the pre-war type of patriotism. It should be said that the book has been excellently translated.

C. LEWIS.

## Spain

SPANISH FRONT: Carlos Prieto; Nelson, pp. 95; 75c.

**M**R. PRIETO'S book, one of the first of the flood now descending on us to explain the civil war in Spain from every point of view, including no doubt, that of the 'peculiar' Spanish temperament (see *Soul of Spain*, Havelock Ellis), cannot claim to be more than a superficial examination of the situation. As such it is a useful summary of the history of Spain, including the fall of the monarchy and the events since the birth of the Republic in 1931 to the July of this year when the workers and peasants surged on to the streets to defend themselves and the constitutionally elected government from fascist attack.

After a glance at the different racial strains that underlie the people of Spain today the author proceeds to a brief account of the glory and decay of the Spanish Empire. The falling away of the demand for agricultural and industrial products at the end of the war caused unemployment and misery among all classes of workers and small-holders. Alfonso, who had consistently upheld the almost feudal domination of the Church and Army, lost whatever minute popularity he possessed by his championing of the Moroccan campaign, and but for the strong arm of Primo de Rivera, would have much earlier become a permanent decoration of the continental esplanades and smart English race-courses.

The account of the history and composition of the Spanish army should convince the reader, even if it hasn't Mr. Prieto, that the Republican government dug its own grave when it failed to handle the officer class with anything but "sweet reasonableness." The same gentle approach to Church and land-owners gave time and opportunity for the coalescing of the fascist forces.

Perhaps the most valuable section of the book is the collection of indisputable evidence of Italian, German and Portuguese aid to the rebels.

E. BULL.

## A Real Prize Novel

JOST: Rudolph Kuhn; trans. Marion Reid; William Hodge & Co.; pp. 412; \$2.25.

IN the dominating figure of Jost, bringer of law and order into the wilderness, this Swiss tale derives from the novel of the soil tradition. But the author, winner of the 1935 Schiller Suisse prize for the best work of the year, has given fresh interest and direction to a time-worn theme. Here is no nostalgic idealization of peasant or pioneer life but the absorbing story of the involvement of a remote agricultural community in the maelstrom of world economic forces. Deviously, inexorably, big industry and finance force their way past the sullen resentment of the farmers into the primitive Glarner valley, dislocating its simple economy, raising land values, sucking its displaced marginal producers and their families into the maw of the factory. War-time inflation and the lure of profits point the way up a dizzy spiral of mechanization, increased production, profiteering, and an ever greater dependence upon world prices until, in the post-war crash, the bewildered farmers find their well-being in some mysterious and terrible way at the mercy of the Exchange in New York.

With fine artistry Kuhn has subdued this extensive and crowded background to the purposes of his work. Against it unfolds the sensitively told story of George, son of Jost to whom the land is ancient and holy and all forms of endeavour not directed towards its fruition valueless, and of Christine, his wife, whose imaginative rebellious strain has passed into the dreamy, questing mind of the boy. The vast impersonal forces and bitter struggles that shape the world in which he seeks a way of life impinge upon George's consciousness only through individuals: through Angelica Landolt, in whose father's factory he first sees the gleam of steel in motion—"the most beautiful thing there is (because) it is life which the spirit and will of man has created"—through the young artist Ludwig, tragic victim of factory conditions; through Anne, his first mistress, whose free and generous nature finds an outlet in socialism: through Buckheim, the bull-necked profiteer, cynically trading with friend and foe alike.

The objectivity achieved by this viewpoint, the vivid realization of forces and events in terms of individuals, and the utter simplicity and directness of the style contribute to the moving effect of the book. By any standard it is a good novel. As an initial work it is outstanding.

LUCY INGRAM MORGAN.

## Gallic Wit

CLOCHEMERLE: Gabriel Chevalier; transl. Jocelyn Godefroi; Macmillan; pp. 439; \$2.50.

IN THE ORIGINAL French this book scored a great success a couple of years ago, and the present translation has been reprinted three times in as many months. Deservedly, for it is a very amusing piece of satire. Clochemerle-en-Beaujolais, supposedly in the South of France, is a small town renowned for its wine, and the place is full of 'characters'. Not least among them the mayor who has political ambitions and therefore wants to do something both startling and useful for the community. He hits on the 'modern' notion of erecting a urinal in the centre of the town. Around this humble edifice, placed as it is in a strategic position and officially opened with due pomp and ceremony by a native son

who has made a political success in faraway Paris, the whole life of the town revolve, and the tale goes rollicking on until we find ourselves in a mass of local intrigues, a conflict between Church and State, a brawl, a riot and near revolution. All the characters are splendidly alive if somewhat cynically conceived, and the sweet aroma of Beaujolais wine pervades the whole story, as well as another aroma less sweet. It is priceless satire, cruel and yet indulgent, based, as great satire so often is, on the awkward but indisputable fact that the human mind must live in, and be conditioned by, a human body.

Those who cannot face that fact without shame had better not read this novel and spare their blushes. But those who can and laugh at it will find here a remarkably shrewd, as well as a remarkably entertaining work. But, if at all possible, it should be read in French. In a case like this, where the glittering Gallic wit, so frankly indecent, is untranslatable, one is prepared to be indulgent: I should not quarrel much with the continual toning-down of phrases on every page; the at times awkward mixture of foreign idiom and hearty slang will pass muster, and the occasional error be forgiven, if the whole reads easily and carries one along, as it does, for a good deal of the original atmosphere is preserved. But I do strongly protest against the considerable tampering with the text on a large scale: not only whole sentences, but whole paragraphs, and in several cases several pages at a time, are deliberately omitted. One not unimportant character never appears at all, and the omission of a fine exchange of invective between two furious and not delicate women, with the implication that it cannot be rendered into English, is a positive insult to our language; and one that is not deserved. One can but wonder whether, if we cannot publish a real translation, if we cannot or will not match the Frenchman's mordant wit and boldness of phrase, it is quite decent to profess to have done so. A comparison of the two versions would make a good starting point for a study on the perverted reticences of the 'Anglo Saxon'.

It should be added, however, that even in this emasculated version the book is still remarkable.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

## Masefield, Graves, Waugh

EGGS AND BAKER: John Masefield; Macmillan; pp. 338; \$2.50.

"MASEFIELD still feels sorry for people, as he has felt ever since he wrote 'The Everlasting Mercy'. But only once, when he wrote 'Nan', has he succeeded in so identifying himself with a suffering human being as to touch the tragic. The Masefield who wrote 'Eggs and Baker' is still the sympathetic onlooker, distressed at the suffering of his characters, indignant (as who is not) at the injustice of the social order, protesting against prevailing callousness, but quite non-plussed by the whole problem, incapable of analysing a single point of view, and never suggesting the desirability of thought. In his earlier stories, culminating in 'The Bird of Dawning', Masefield escaped the responsibilities of adulthood through the admirable channel of boys' adventures. Now in 'Eggs and Baker' he escapes through portraying as his chief character the baker and his wife, narrow-minded, pious well-wishers of the Victorian age, who depend for their ideas on a family Bible opened at random. It is something to be a well-wisher, but how little. If 'Eggs and Baker' contributes anything to a modern reconstruction of life it is as an illustration of ineffective pious intentions and barren sympathy without brains. One idea there



is, expressed on pages 234-5, "What chance had two poor, untaught, uncouth souls against all this enormous accumulated power of custom, intellect and order, which had neglected them for forty years, and now rose to crush them flat?" A parody of the sentence might bring out the more urgent truth that the fullest measure of brains and measure must wipe out those adjectives 'untaught' and 'uncouth'. If the sufferers from the system are untaught, what business has Masfield to think so little? Better to escape frankly into the world of excitement and adventure of "The Bird of Dawning", a swiftly moving world where the virtues of courage and ambition count for all, than into this vaguely sentimental world where the only cure for social injustice is sought in prayer and omen-reading. Is it for nothing that the book is bound in pale pink instead of in the blue of sea and sky which is its author's proper setting?

MARGARET FAIRLEY.

ANTIGUA, PENNY, PUCE: Robert Graves; Macmillan; pp. 311; \$2.25.

UNLIKE OTHER reviewers I did not find this book one long joke from beginning to end. The tale of the feud between brother and sister, started over a postage stamp in their early youth and not yet ended with the next generation at the end of the book seemed to me essentially tragic. At no time does either of them display a spark of generous feeling towards the other and the cumulative effect of their supremely ingenious essays in mutual spite is depressing—particularly in the case of the sister who has far superior brains and abilities and has not been psychologically handicapped as has her brother by an English public school education.

It is a good and lively book, in spite of its rather too hard brilliance; it contains some very amusing episodes such as the manufacture of "Havanna Resurrections", and the plot keeps one successfully in suspense like the best detective story.

GWENYTH GRUBE.

JILL SOMERSET: Alec Waugh; Cassell-Macmillan; pp. 370; \$2.50.

THIS IS the story of an English County family, the Somersets, through the war and after. The father is a captain, then a general; the mother a remarkable but very dim figure; but it is the next generation that matters: Roy becomes a politician and a Fascist; Cynthia a Marxist; Beryl, selfish and sex-obsessed, seems rather improbable, but she provides the necessary spice of immorality; Jill, the heroine, rises somewhat above the level of hard technical competence with which the others are treated. She unfortunately gets engaged to a conscientious objector and has a hard time of it, then marries a worthy nonentity and gives up her one chance of love and happiness (with a third man), thus acquiring a very gratifying sense of virtue. The diversity seems somewhat overdone for one family, but this would be forgiven if the picture of England, during and after the war, of which they are the pattern was painted with more depth and some sort of conviction. But Mr. Waugh will not commit himself either to his opinions or to his characters, and the result is somewhat superficial. It is perfectly feasible to restrict oneself to the psychology and write a good book. But you cannot write any important social novel, for which this is the setting, by merely looking from the sidelines not only at movements and events, but at the main characters themselves. The result may entertain, but it cannot stir.

G.M.A.G.

## Farm and Stream

THE COUNTRYMAN'S YEAR: David Grayson; Doubleday, Doran; pp. 270; \$2.25.

THIS IS THE unpretentious diary of a New England literary gentleman who eschews the sick hurry of Boston to cultivate a nice little Amherst farm. Sometimes banal, generally prosy, it occasionally charms with its quiet chronicle of the age-old pleasure of the seasons, its thoughts upon books read, farmers met, flowers seen, its pleasant insistence upon "the comfort and beauty of common things." To Mr. Grayson life is chiefly remarkable for those normalities which are not interesting to the newspapers, these small wonders of plowing or bobolinks which testify, in the midst of international crises, to "the soundness and continuity of life." He marvels at the bees, their ultra-efficient communal pattern, unchanged for millions of years, "at the dead end of its development . . . If man could consign to unity some of the elements of his life now torn by diversity . . . It is exciting to be a man!"

When, however, it comes to careful thinking upon the means for achieving human unity, Mr. Grayson is not with us. He has returned to his stoic authors, Marcus Aurelius, Pascal, Emerson; from them he learns the "cheerful acceptance of insecurity", and "self-control" rather than social control. The stones of New England are in his philosophy as in his fences, and the attitude of the literary observer, himself apparently free from dependence upon his beloved farm for his bread, is in his heart. More significant than his pages would be the diary of one of his immigrant neighbours whom we see only through dreamy vignettes of their relaxed hours.

E. B.

POOL AND RAPIDS: R. L. Haig-Brown; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 239; \$2.50.

WITH A SKILFUL PEN and a deep understanding of Canadian Nature and of the people who live close to her, Mr. Haig-Brown tells of a river and its influence on four different types of men.

The book opens with an Indian myth of the origin of the Tashish River, which flows in one of the innumerable islands thronging Queen Charlotte Sound. Its birth brought an era of prosperity to a young Indian chief and his poverty-stricken tribe by supplying them with fish, venison and furs. Years later, when the Indians spoiled by the ingress of civilization, forgot their love for this beneficent provider, a white settler was taken with the beauties of the river. The pioneer's happiness was to be shattered by the Great War, from which he returned only to die.

Though his son perpetuated for a time his father's great love for the Tashish, men came who did not sympathize with, or understand her; they tried to dam her impetuosity, but failed. The river continues her eternal flow to the sea.

By an excellent blend of fancy and observation, the author makes vivid the wild life found about the river banks, the animals and the birds, and the various types of salmon which come upstream to spawn. His book will have a definite appeal to persons who question the desecration of nature committed in the name of progress. These the author consoles with the belief that "Nature repairs all the ravages of man—in time".

J. R. HARRISON.



## This and That

SUCH HARMONY; TWENTY-FIVE CENTS: W. Eric Harris; THE LAMP SHADE: W. S. Milne. Samuel French (Canada) Ltd.; 35c each.

"TWENTY-FIVE CENTS" was the first Canadian play to win the Bessborough and Jackson trophies at the Dominion Drama Festival. This reviewer was pleasantly surprised to find that it justifies its author's claim to "reflect . . . present-day realities" in the lives of Canadian workers. Its success is limited by the playwrights inability to keep his machinery from squeaking. Loyalty to the "unities" leads him to heap too many misfortunes upon a single family in a single afternoon. In "Such Harmony" Mr. Harris has taken a simpler, but equally pertinent subject—the limitations to free speech, thought, and action within the alleged democracy of our Dominion. The scene is "Toronto's Howard Park", the time is that of Bennett's Section 98, an era which may any day return. Unfortunately the characters are two-dimensional and the conversation less life-like than in "Twenty-Five Cents".

Mr. Milne is only slightly more adroit in stagecraft and much less interesting in theme. "The Lampshade" is a "guignol piece" or, if you prefer, a thriller. An earlier version of it was presented in Hart House, 1925, as "The Cuckoo Clock". The differences between Mr. Harris and Mr. Milne illustrate too well the infant disorders of our national theatre. Those who have learned dexterity in playwrighting have nothing to say and those who have something to say haven't quite learned how. When someone (perhaps Mr. Harris) manages to do both we will have better plays than "Waiting For Lefty". In the meantime the three one-act pieces listed above are available with almost a score of others in a cheap, readable edition of Canadian Playwright Series. They can be acted for the payment of a five-dollar royalty. E.B.

THE PEOPLE'S HEALTH: Social Work and the People's Health: The Canadian Welfare Council, Ottawa, 1936 Publication No. 84.

IN COMMON with all publications of the Canadian Welfare Council, this pamphlet contains in a condensed and collected form invaluable statistical data on Canadian social problems. Data on the extent of illness and on the cost and extent of present medical and health services are presented and interpreted. Various schemes of Health Insurance and state medicine, including the plans of the British Columbia and the three Western Provinces, the proposed scheme of the Canadian Medical Association, and Dominion legislation, are described and analysed. The motive behind the writing of the pamphlet appears to be to urge upon the Canadian people the need for working out a Dominion wide and co-ordinated solution of these problems, based upon a comprehensive grasp of the facts of the situation, in the best interests of all the people of Canada, and especially the low income groups. That the Dominion Government could, and should, give a lead here without overstepping the bounds of capitalism, if it were really interested in the average Canadian, is obvious. It is also obvious that the Canadian Welfare Council is not prepared to face the real difficulties in the way of dealing in a comprehensive fashion with the problems its publications so clearly present. However, an organization financed by Canada's leading capitalists could hardly be expected to do this. The information presented in this and other pamphlets is, nevertheless, invaluable

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT: A. Douglas Millard; Hogarth-Longmans; pp. 60; 50c.

WE HAVE HAD occasion before to call attention to the excellence of this series of Day to Day pamphlets. This one is no exception to their high standard and interest. It is essentially a plea for more vision on the part of those who control the co-operative movement in Great Britain; the complaint being that they run too close to capitalist pattern by paying too exclusive an attention to high dividends, and forgetting the ideals of the Rochdale pioneers. The writer discusses the place of co-operation in the modern world, the present position and structure of the Co-operatives in Great Britain, with the distributive side developed at the cost of the producers' societies. In a short chapter he gives a bird's eye view of the co-operative movement's place in the Russian system, and ends with suggestions as to how and where experiments should be made in England. A pamphlet that should be of great interest to all interested in co-operation. G.M.A.G.

THE RED INSURRECTION, ITS CAUSES AND EVENTS: Erwin E. Kreutzweiser; Garden City Press, Garden-ville, Quebec; pp. 166; \$1.50.

THIS IS a careful and accurate account of the developments which led up to the troubles in the Red River district and of the course of the insurrectionary movement in 1869-70. It is based mainly on the official documents which were published in the course of the investigation after the event, and the author has also had access to the letters of Sir John Macdonald. His account appears to be well balanced throughout.

F. H. U.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Mention in this column does not preclude review in a future issue)

- KARL MARX, Man and Fighter: Doris Nicolaievsky and O. Maenchen-Helfen; Reginald Saunders; pp. 252; \$4.
- UNIQUE DICTATOR, A Study of Eamon de Valera: Desmond Ryan; Reginald Saunders; pp. 311; \$3.50.
- HISTORY OF POLITICAL THOUGHT IN GERMANY 1789-1815: Reinhold Aris; Allen and Unwin-Nelson; pp. 414; \$4.50.
- THE FUTURE OF LIBERTY: George Soule; Macmillan; pp. 187; \$2.00.
- ZERO HOUR, Policies of the Powers: Richard Freund; Methuen-Saunders; pp. 224; \$3.50.
- WHICH WAY TO PEACE: Bertrand Russell; Reginald Saunders; pp. 224; \$2.50.
- PEACE OFFERING: A. C. Johnson; Reginald Saunders; pp. 210; \$1.75.
- JAMES WILSON MORRICE: Donald W. Buchanan; Ryerson Press; pp. 187; \$4.00.
- THE OLIVE TREE: Aldous Huxley; Macmillan; pp. 303; \$2.50.
- THE FRIENDLY TREE: C. Day Lewis; Cape-Nelson; pp. 288; \$2.00.
- ODE ON THE BURIAL OF KING GEORGE THE FIFTH: G. H. Clarke; Macmillan; pp. 4; 50c.
- WHAT IS COMMUNISM: Earl Browder; Francis White; pp. 191; 25c.
- SOVIET UNION AND THE CAUSE OF PEACE: Lenin, Stalin, Litvinov, others; Francis White; pp. 191; 30c.
- FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS OF MARXISM: Plekhanov; pp. 145; \$1.50.
- BEHIND THE MOSCOW TRIAL: Max Shachtman; Pioneer-Vanguard; pp. 142; 30c.

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